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LYMAN ABBOTT, Editor-in-Chief HAMILTON W. MABIE, Associate Editor

R. D. TOWNSEND, Managing Editor

THE STORY OF THE WAR

BY ARTHUR BULLARD

THE OUTLOOK'S WAR CORRESPONDENT AT HOME

THE second week of the war was marked by a dearth of news. The belligerents were gathering their forces to strike, and all the General Staffs of Europe were exerting every effort to obscure the position of their troops.

A statement of the British War Office said that the movements of the enemy were obscured by "the fog of war." The density of this fog is witnessed by the fate of the little town of Huy. It overlooks the Meuse about half-way between Liège and Namur. Its strategic value is great, and as recently as 1892 the Belgian Government voted funds to bring its fortifications up to date. Its armament, therefore, would be more modern than that of Liège.

According to several early forecasts by military experts, the Belgians would base their defense on the quadrilateral formed by Diest, Louvain, Namur, and Huy. Diest and Huy are respectively a score of miles east of Louvain and Namur. The fog of war settled down heavily on Huy for several days. But recent despatches announced that the Germans were using the town as an advance base. It is highly improbable that the Allies abandoned Huy without a struggle. When the censorship is lifted, we shall hear how the Germans established themselves at this point.

A similar insight into the censorship was furnished by the "official" announcement from Paris that the Alsatian village of Thann has been "recaptured." The French army in Alsace has not been uniformly victorious. Apparently its first advance was repulsed, and now it is "recapturing" positions it was forced to abandon.

Even the European papers are so heavily censored that when they reach us, ten days late, there is no information in them.

THE BLOOD-SOAKED FIELDS OF BELGIUM

Throughout the first two weeks of the war the brunt of the fighting was in Belgium, the theater of so many earlier campaigns. The German advance post at Wavre was in sight of the monument at Waterloo. The troops—and Belgium alone has more soldiers in the field than Wellington commanded—are fighting in fields which have been fertilized by former combats. "Only outpost skirmishes so far," the official bulletins report, but already at least ten thousand lives have been spent.

As a grim wit in the "Fatherland" writes, "Liège has been given the Cross of the Legion of Honor; the taxpayers of that city will have to carry that cross for a long time to come." And he might have added that the cross will weigh heavily on the widows and orphans of Belgium.

THE GERMAN ADVANCE

Apparently the German effort to outflank the Allies on the north without a pitched battle failed, and a movement in great force last week seemed to be in progress in a southwesterly direction up the Valley of the Meuse with the intention of breaking through the French lines somewhere between the forts of Verdun and Mézières. The Germans had gained the principal passes of the Ardennes.

In the upper Valley of the Moselle German forces operating from Metz were reported in French territory near Spincourt and Pont à Mousson.

The Paris despatches said that opposite

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Nancy the German forces were pushed back from Cirey across the frontier.

But of all these actions only those in the north seem to involve large forces of Germans.

BORDER WAR IN THE VOSGES

These engagements from Dinant to Cirey were indecisive, with perhaps a slight advantage to the Germans, which was more than counterbalanced by the French advance in the Vosges Mountains, the crest of which forms the frontier. The French claim to have entirely cleared their side of the range, to have established themselves firmly in the border-line passes, and in some cases to have advanced into German territory. They pushed through Schirmeck to within a few miles of the fortress of Strassburg. The command of the passes is of great importance.

We can imagine the French soldiers here remembering with pride that in 1870 the Army of the Vosges, commanded by Garibaldi, was the only French force in the war belt which did not surrender to the Germans.

The fortunes of war in Upper Alsace, about Mülhausen, seem to have swung back and forth as both sides reported victories. But the French undoubtedly sent large forces to the support of their troops there, in order to cover the right wing of their advance through the Vosges.

THE WESTERN CAMPAIGN

The results of two weeks' fighting on the western frontier of Germany was that, in spite of a check at Liège, the German army advanced so far into Belgium that the Government abandoned Brussels for Antwerp. The Germans concentrated in great force in southeastern Belgium and Luxemburg and prepared a serious offensive movement. They were holding the French in Alsace.

Nevertheless, those first two weeks were disastrous for Germany. The "dashing attack" on which all German military writers have laid great hope, and which the French have feared, failed. The resistance at Liège gave the Allies abundant time to marshal their forces. The German army in the north was soon equaled, if not heavily outnumbered.

The English "expeditionary force" of about one hundred thousand men has, it is officially announced, joined the Allies in Belgium.

THE IMPENDING BATTLE

At least a million men—perhaps twice as many—are, as I write, drawn up on the line between Antwerp and Nancy. In some places they are in touch, probably nowhere more than thirty miles apart. Nothing short of a miracle can prevent a clash, and it will be the greatest, probably the most murderous, battle of history. It may easily last a good many days, but there is little chance of its being decisive.

Unless one army or the other suffers an unprecedented rout, the defeated will retreat a score of miles or so to their fortifications—as the Turks after Lule Burgas fell back on their lines at Tchatalja.

Paris, for instance, is the best-fortified city in Europe. Before a German army, victorious in Belgium, could come within cannon-shot of its goal, it would have to fight its way through line after line of fortifications, each unit of which is incomparably stronger than Liège.

The prospect before the Allies is no brighter. If they crush this German northern army, they will clear Belgium of the invader; but across the frontier they will be faced by defensive works of immense strength. The weakest spot in the German border is opposite Holland. England, having gone into this war to protect the neutrality of Belgium, can hardly march into the Netherlands.

Along the Franco-German frontier the deadlock is even more certain. Stupendous fortifications must be reduced before either enemy can seriously invade the other.

Neither France nor Germany is likely to surrender before its first line of defenses has been pierced. There is small chance, therefore, that the Belgian campaign will be decisive. It is most likely that we will hear of some stupendous clash, and then have to wait weeks, or perhaps months, for news, until the victor gathers force to attack the enemy's defenses.

ENTER RUSSIA

But such a pause—whether the Germans are battering French forts or the Allies are investing the strongholds of the Rhine—will be fatal to the Teuton Alliance. Until France is put definitely *hors de combat* the two Kaisers will have to keep at least half of their force on the western frontier. Meanwhile the armies of the Czar are assembling.

European Russia has a population greater than that of Germany and Austria-Hungary

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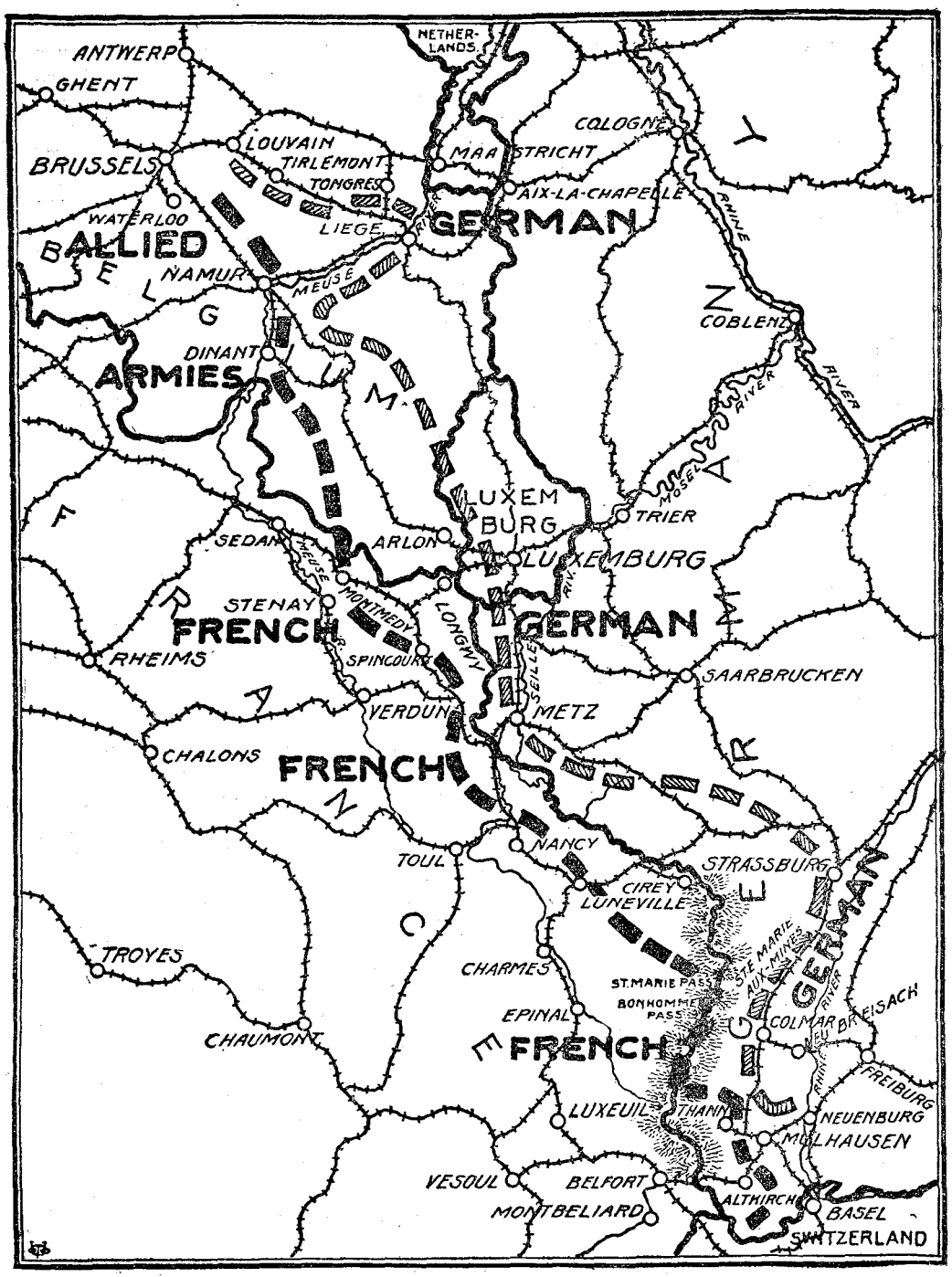

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THE WAR "LINE-UP" FROM SWITZERLAND TO ANTWERP

During the second week of the war the German forces in Belgium pushed steadily westward and drove the Allies back of the railway between Brussels and Namur. In the south the French advanced from Cirey across the border and forced their way down the mountain passes to within a few miles of Strassburg. Allowance for these and possible later movements should be made in studying this map

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combined—even counting all their Slavic subjects. Recent despatches indicate that Russia will be ready to strike sooner than was expected. This can only mean that the Czar began mobilization earlier than he admitted. If the Russian concentration in Vilna and Brest-Litovsk is completed before September 1, it will be evident that the Czar was planning for this war long before the first rumor of it reached us.

But whether it is soon or late, the immense Russian army will begin to roll ponderously towards the German and Austrian frontier. No one knows how efficient it will prove, but strenuous efforts have been made to reorganize it since the war with Japan. France has lent vast sums of money for this purpose, and, of perhaps more importance, the brains of the French General Staff have also been loaned. At all events it will have an impressive numerical superiority.

On the German border the Russian army will be faced by the very modern fortresses of Danzig, Dirschau, Graudenz, Thorn, Posen, Glogau, and Gratz. But the Czar has so many soldiers to spare that he can invest these places and still advance. On the Austrian frontier he will find much less formidable defenses.

Granted indecisive actions on the present line of battle in Belgium, the climax of the war will come in the East.

NEW HOPE FOR POLAND

The Czar has issued a ukase promising the Poles, in case they are loyal, almost as much freedom as he promised his own people in 1905. Of those Poles who are not American citizens, refugees in western Europe, or imprisoned in Siberia, 12,000,000 are Russian subjects, 5,000,000 are Austrian, and 3,000,000 are German.

The Russian Poles now have the choice of "being loyal" or facing the execution squad. The ukase will probably affect them very little. If they could be sure that Russian defeat would not hand them over to Germany, they would probably revolt; but Prussianization is every bit as bad as Russianization. They have read too many promises from the Czar before to be enthusiastic over this one, and will probably go on being just as "loyal" as they have to be.

The German Poles will pray for Russian victory. The Prussian rule, while not so crudely brutal as the Russian, has been more cold-blooded and efficient. But there is little chance of their revolting against the Kaiser. For one reason, their young men are far away with the German army on the western frontier. And, besides, the Prussian gendarmes have plenty of machine guns to keep the old men and women "loyal." But they will pray for German defeat. They know that the highly intelligent ruthlessness of the Kaiser's officials is more to be dreaded than the haphazard cruelty of the Cossacks. They would greet any change of ruler with joy.

The Austrian Poles will be divided in their attitude towards the Czar's ukase. There are doubtless many patriots who will thrill to the dream of a reunited Poland; but the dominant element among them are the landed nobility and the landed clergy. Franz Joseph has won their loyalty by allowing them to exploit the Ruthenian peasants to their hearts' content. They are more interested in their own privileges than in racial liberty. They will demand more explicit promises and, above all, more certain guarantees before they seek to change their present favored situation for the uncertainty of the Russian offer.

This ukase shows that the Czar has changed his mind since he declared that this war was one of defense, that he sought no territorial expansion. If the Sultan now can be tricked into war, the Czar will have a chance to "liberate" the Turkish Armenians, and perhaps he will discover some one to "liberate" in Constantinople.

An unconfirmed report says that Russia has demanded free passage for her Black Sea fleet through the Dardanelles. These straits were closed to all war-ships by an international agreement, which was signed by the same Powers that guaranteed the neutrality of Belgium.

TURKEY'S NEW BATTLE-SHIPS

The purchase by Turkey of the two fugitive German war-ships—Goeben and Breslau—is very likely to involve the Sultan in the war. The sale is claimed to be in violation of international law. It has certainly thrown a lighted match dangerously near a number of powder magazines. Greece and Italy, at present non-combatants, feel that their "vital interests" are jeopardized. Russia, which has no ship in the Black Sea to compare with the Goeben, feels threatened. No end of complications are possible.

NEWS FROM NISH

Information from the original seat of war is very meager. Several "official" state-

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ments have been issued from Nish, the temporary Servian capital—and immediately denied from Austrian sources.

Belgrade is still being bombarded. The Austrians have, after many repulses, crossed the river frontiers of Servia in two places. But the Serbs are confident of their ability to drive back the invader.

As the Austrian forces must now turn to meet the Russian advance, it is quite probable that the Serbs will be able to carry an offensive movement into Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The threat of action from Turkey has revived talk of a Balkan Federation. There is little probability that these nations so recently at war can get together at present, but certainly it is to be hoped that some time they will unite. No other solution can cure the sore-spot of Europe.

JAPAN

The diplomatic action of the last week which has let loose the most speculation, the results of which are the hardest to forecast, is the Japanese ultimatum to Germany. The Mikado "advises" the Kaiser to close his most profitable overseas market—in 1911 the imports of Kiauchau were more than $28,000,000 and the exports about $20,000,000—and to withdraw from the Pacific entirely.

The wording of this "advice" is as brutal and provocative as that of Austria's ultimatum to Servia, and in the present situation is even less sportsmanlike. The Austrians may have believed the accusations they made against Servia. Japan in her ultimatum does not cite a single grievance.

Japan's stake in the matter is evident. By rushing to the help of England she will vitalize her treaty and put the British Government under direct obligation. She also secures herself a place in the councils of Europe. She ought to find it easy to overwhelm the German forces in the Pacific, and even if, as she promises, she returns Kiauchau to China, she will have rid herself of a dangerous commercial rival.

A statement has been issued by the British Government that Japan will confine her military operations to the China Seas. This means that England does not expect her ally to gobble up the stray islands in the Pacific which are now German. This announcement will allay all anxiety in this country as to new Japanese naval bases; but it was probably issued with at least an equal desire to tranquilize the British Colonies. It is hard to imagine anything which would do more to dampen the Imperial patriotism of Australia, New Zealand, and Canada than an increase of Japanese power in the Pacific. England, in spite of official utterances, cannot regard her ally's action with unmixed pleasure.

WHO'S TO BLAME?

I suppose we have all asked ourselves who is to blame for this tragic disturbance. We all have a deep impulse to regard the world as a melodrama, with a hero to applaud and a villain to hiss. But this is a question which is hard to answer. We may be quite sure that future historians will argue about it and disagree.

Since the first rumor of trouble the press agents of all the governments concerned have been trying to persuade us that the "other fellow" started it. It has not been a dignified spectacle.

I have been reminded of a strange sight I saw on my first visit to Paris. Two able-bodied and apparently able-minded men were quarreling on the sidewalk. After calling each other all the vile things they could think of, they began to spit at each other. Americans one-half as mad would have been fighting. But, it was explained to me, the French law of assault is very severe on the person who strikes the first blow. If you really hate a man in France, the meanest thing you can do is to make him lose his temper and hit you.

The Powers of the Entente tell us that the Kaiser first drew the sword. The Germans say they were insulted beyond bearing.

Where the aggression started is very hard to say—certainly Europe has not gone to war over the Servian dispute. The ill feeling which has caused this conflagration is very much older than that. We in America dislike the militarism which is associated with the name of Bismarck. But Bismarck could not have imposed his gospel of blood and iron on his people if all Germany had not been smarting under the insults of Napoleon. It would be easy to trace the roots of this conflict back to Charlemagne—whom both French and Germans claim as their national hero. And doubtless an industrious historian could fix some of the blame on Julius Cæsar.

The sad thing is that war will not liquidate this age-old hostility. You cannot make friends with machine guns. And, of course, the one wish of America is that peace may come again to Europe—to our cousins by

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blood, to our partners in business, to our comrades in the march of civilization. We should give thanks that we can be neutral in this conflict—we have friends on both sides.

NEUTRALITY AND MEDIATION

President Wilson promptly issued the proclamations of American neutrality which the situation demanded. As we go to press he is trying to untangle the knotty questions raised by the modern development of cables and wireless.

Our Government has also offered its good offices to all the belligerents, in case they may want, now or later, to submit their differences to mediation. All of the nations addressed have courteously acknowledged the receipt of the President's message—with the exception of Russia. The uncertainty of cable communications is the reason of delay in this case. But there is small chance of mediation for some time to come.

On the 18th of August President Wilson issued an address to his "fellow-countrymen" urging us all to observe the spirit as well as the forms of neutrality. The Outlook comments editorially upon it elsewhere. We are the one great nation of Christendom which is at peace with all the world. On us, therefore, rests the hope of eventual mediation. It will be a betrayal of our claim to civilization if we shirk this responsibility. It will be a crime against the cause of Peace if we allow ourselves to prejudice our great opportunity by taking sides in this conflict. Neutrality goes much deeper than the mere formalities about coaling war-ships and controlling wireless. The President's words were statesmanlike and timely.

New York, August 19.

THE EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN REFUGEE FROM PARIS

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE FROM PARIS AND LONDON

IT is late at night. From my room in a hotel on Curzon Street I can hear the cheers of a crowd on Piccadilly or perhaps off by Hyde Park, and the sound of drums. All day sandwich-men with great placards—"GERMANY MAKES WAR," "GERMANY INVADES LUXEMBURG," "FRANCE MOBILIZING," and, finally, "MOBILIZATION OF THE BRITISH FLEET"—have been selling papers; and this is Sunday in London! If Europe now escapes a great conflagration, it will not be because the fires have not been lighted.

I had sailed for England with a number of others to attend a Peace Conference at Constance, Germany, on the very border of Switzerland. It was late Tuesday evening when we arrived at our hotel in Paris—small, old, comfortable, quiet, just a few steps from the Avenue de l'Opéra. The papers had been printing despatches about the Austro-Servian conflict and about diplomatic conferences; but the rolling fields of grain, the peaceful tiled houses with their high gables, the quaint French villages, the aspect of thrift and order in the country through which we had passed, made war seem unreal. On Wednesday the rumors of war continued, but the chance of war seemed remote. There had been other war scares more acute than this that had never resulted in war. As we drove to our hotel we came upon a crowd of people in one of the boulevards. Beyond the crowd was drawn up a line of mounted men in French uniform; but the crowd seemed peaceable. Our chauffeur told us it was an anti-war demonstration by the syndicalists—the French Socialistic labor unionists; but anti-war demonstrations by syndicalists are not unusual.

It was not until Thursday evening, on the return from a visit to Chartres, where we had lived a few hours in the midst of the beauty of the cathedral and the clustered houses on the Eure, that my college classmate who was my companion and I began to realize that our frame of mind was changing. Perhaps it was the sober faces of people in Chartres reading the posted bulletin in a shop window that sobered us also. Even then we did not entertain for a moment the thought of not going to Constance.

The evening papers were full of bad news. Our landlady said all that was necessary—"*La guerre! Ah, très stupide!*" So, indeed!

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This war seemed too stupid to be true; but there it was in plain sight. It might not come over us, probably it would not, so we thought; but it was really all the more terrible because it was stupid. There is nothing that can be more terrible than stupidity. Wild beasts on a stampede are the more fearsome because they are unthinking beasts. It seemed as if the nations of Europe were on the verge of a stampede like that of cattle on a Western plain.

Still, on Friday morning I did not think of abandoning my journey to Constance. My only thought was the possibility of a change of route. Instead of going around by way of Berne, I considered the plan of going direct to Constance. We nevertheless bought our reservations to Berne that evening, and while doing so I ran across Dr. Macfarland, who was going as a delegate representing the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America. I learned from him that he and Dr. Lynch were going that evening directly to Constance.

It was at one o'clock that we called on one of the best-known journalists of Europe. His opinion, based on a wide and intimate knowledge of European affairs, was that there would be no general European war. Germany, he felt sure, did not want war. The sole question was whether she had carried her bluff too far. If she began mobilizing her troops, France, of course, would have to mobilize. Even without war, mobilization would impede travel—indeed, would for some days practically render it impossible. His advice to my classmate, the tourist, was to wait in Paris for a few days until it was clear whether war was coming or not. To me he expressed the opinion that very few, if any, delegates from Germany would go to Constance under the circumstances. If mobilization were ordered, he doubted whether any delegate would reach Constance in time to confer. Besides, such a peace conference at such a time in such a place—what would it signify?

Then we called on the American Ambassador, and, not finding him, left our cards. We vainly tried to reach Dr. Macfarland to give him our information. At a quarter past ten our train was to leave. At a little after eight the telephone bell rang. It was word from the Embassy. The information was of so grave a nature that we at once abandoned our plan to go that night. We needed no consultation to be convinced that to begin a trip to Constance under the circumstances would be folly. We had every reason to believe that the railways would be full of troop trains, that it might take a week to make the journey, and that, if we reached Constance, it would be highly uncertain when we should be able to reach the coast again. The advice we received led us to make up our minds to go at once to London.

This simple, bare narrative is told for the purpose of showing in a concrete form the suddenness with which the ordinary props of civilization gave way at the close approach of war. Railways we take for granted. For all practical purposes of the ordinary civilian there are, as I write, no railways in a large part of France and Germany. The telegraph is an essential instrument of civilization. I have sent two telegrams to Constance. I doubt very much whether either has been or will be received. And yet Germany was not at war with either France or England when railways in France and the telegraph in England for purposes of ordinary use disappeared.

During these days of tensity and strain in Paris the French showed every sign of restraint. In the evenings the people crowded the boulevards, but only as they always crowd them. Perhaps those who sat at the tables outside the cafés (though on the main boulevards the tables were removed from the sidewalks) and walked in streams along the sidewalks were graver than usual; perhaps the newsboys sold more papers; perhaps the gendarmes were a little more watchful; but there was nothing that indicated any war fever. Those French people on the boulevards furnished an example of self-command that Americans might well emulate.

The one respect in which the French showed their apprehension was in the hoarding of gold. On Thursday gold was scarcely to be had anywhere, and even silver coin was not any too common. On the other hand, paper money was almost useless. On Friday the restaurants and cafés had notices warning patrons that the proprietors could not give change for bank bills. At the American Express Company gold and silver were given in cashing the Company's checks, but only to the amount of ten dollars. Any amount of over fifty francs (about ten dollars) could be paid in paper. The French Government at once issued paper in smaller denominations, but these bills were scarce.

Rumors were flying. On Friday a taxi

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driver told us that war had been declared and the French troops were mobilizing. This proved to be the street version of the Kaiser's pronouncement of what amounted to martial law and the receipt by men in the French reserves (that is, men who had served in the army and were subject to call to arms in an emergency) of notices bidding them be ready.

On the top of all these rumors came a menace to the peace of the city. As I was going to bed I heard the cry of the newspaper man. I asked the *concierge* at the door to let me out, and I found the man on the Avenue de l'Opéra. The paper was a single sheet with the headline "Jaurès Assassinated!" I showed it to the *concierge's* wife, and she looked to heaven, raised her hands, clasped them, and exclaimed, "*C'est terrible!*". The *concierge* read the paper and silently shook his head. There was evidently but one thought in their minds—"the Commune." It is to the greatest credit of the French that they kept their heads.

Saturday morning, in spite of the bad news that had by that time broken upon the city, there was no excitement except among the American tourists, and with them excitement was well controlled. We were told that the Calais-Dover boats were not running; so we got our transportation by way of the Dieppe-Newhaven route. The journey to London was uneventful. I have no harrowing experiences to record. There was no sign of war-ships in the Channel. On the English side a single soldier in khaki with fixed bayonet patrolling the wharf was the only sign of the military. But the crowd was plainly a crowd of refugees. One of them was a naturalized American of German birth who had lived in Paris for many years. He was fleeing the land of France with his family. There was no gayety, no laughter. The sun was bright between sputtering showers; the water of the Channel was smooth. No one, however, was thinking of these things, but only of the oncoming ruin that Europe seemed unable to escape.

And what of those thousands of Americans and English cooped up in Switzerland, or caught in the interior of France, Germany, and Austria?

Already refugees in London are bringing with them tales of real hardship. One family in this hotel are reported to have been turned out of their automobile, which was burned before their eyes. A mother arrived here with a little child under two years old who had had nothing to eat for forty hours. A family, consisting of a father, a mother, and two sons, had to make their way across Germany and through Holland to Flushing. While in Germany they had to struggle to get into the train. Three times they were turned out of one train into another, and each time the struggle had to be renewed. At last in Holland they had to give up their journey for a while through sheer exhaustion, and for the sake of a rest risk the chance of not crossing over into England. Finally they reached London, but without even hand baggage. Absolutely all of their baggage was lost in transit; and they do not expect ever to see it again. "It was Siberian travel," said the father of the family. Others are now making their way across Germany and France with perhaps greater hardship. No one knows about them. Telegraph and telephone lines are cut. Mails are interrupted. It is as if a devastating storm had swept all over Europe. Even the neutralized countries of Switzerland, Holland, and Belgium are within the zone of this ruin.

It must be impossible for those who are not within the countries affected by these conditions of war to understand what all this means. People with what is ordinarily regarded as money in their pockets are penniless. Ladies traveling alone or in groups are left without means. Their letters of credit and their checks have become of doubtful value. Monday, the 3d of August, was Bank Holiday in England. All the banks were closed. I happened to go to the American Express Company's office to inquire for my letters and telegrams. The door was closed. A small crowd on the street was kept in order and good humor by two smiling and courteous London policemen. They engaged in repartee with stranded American school-teachers, and expressed appreciation of the amused consternation of those who had expected to get checks cashed and found the doors inexorably shut, as they always are on a holiday, war or no war. One man confessed he had not a penny, and had had to pay for a cable message partly with postage stamps. One of the London policemen with a patriotic smile suggested that one way the men could obtain food was by enlisting. "Then," said he, "we'd feed them." To those who found difficulty in getting change for their bank notes he suggested that they go to the post-office and buy postage stamps. The Government will take its own money—

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"it'd have to," he commented. It sounded to me like sensible advice.

On Monday morning there was a throng at the offices of the American Embassy. It was there announced that a mass-meeting of American refugees would be held at the Waldorf Hotel on Aldwych just off the Strand. Quick-thinking American men of affairs who knew that such a host, if organized, could do for themselves together what no one could do alone for himself, had planned this meeting and had made preliminary arrangements. These people, men and women, a typical American crowd, gathered from all quarters of the United States, were crowded together so that almost all were standing. A prominent banker of New York called the meeting to order. It was a relief to hear from this mass of anxious people the sound of laughter that greeted his cheerful remarks. Then another New York banker took the chair as chairman of the organization. He called for suggestions. Some were offered—as, for instance, that the American Government be asked to send over transports and that a special London paper be selected as a medium of information for Americans. It proved that practically all these suggestions had been anticipated by the men who had instituted this organization. The question of transports had already been raised by the Embassy. The newspapers of London had already been seen. A provisional selection had already been made for the membership of the committees. A gentleman from Missouri, whose name I did not catch in the confusion, exhorted the people to uphold the Ambassador and the President in their difficult task. Words of complaint from the floor were few and met with no response; but such an appeal as this elicited clapping of hands and cheers. Finally, Mr. Oscar Straus, whose diplomatic record under Presidents Cleveland, Roosevelt, and Taft entitles him to the confidence he commands, was called to the gallery, where he addressed the assemblage of refugees, and brought to many hope and courage. The one thing in the whole episode that brought out the strongest response lay in the words that were said to these refugees safe in London about those thousands of Americans scattered through the territory of the belligerents and hemmed in by the belligerents in Switzerland. Committees have been formed to try to arrange steamship accommodations, cash for people who are at the end of their resources or have only credit, and advice and counsel with Government authorities on behalf of stranded Americans. These committees are working in co-operation with the American Ambassador, Mr. Page.

Now that war has come—and after the invasion of Belgium by Germany, in violation of the treaty of neutrality, war could not be averted—Englishmen who differ in opinion on details agree that Great Britain in self-preservation as well as in observance of her word (and Englishmen appear to value their country's word more highly than Germans do) must take part in this conflict. The question is, Has she acted in time? Germany has had no compunctions to prevent her from striking first. Has England been ready for dealing with such a foe as Germany?

And all this peace propaganda that has been the work of thirty years, where is it now? If the education on behalf of peace has seemed to fail, is it not because it was directed to the wrong end? The same effort made on behalf of international justice would not now seem to have been all but wasted. If idealism is directed merely toward disarmament, the result is that the more idealistic a nation is the less able is it to stand for justice in a time like this. That is the lesson which history always teaches, and now it is being taught at the cost of fear, anxiety, suffering, privation, gloom, and on the part of some at the cost of loss of ideals.

In spite of the horror that has spread over Europe, the people of England and the people of France are keeping their heads. At least so it seems to a casual observer. In the streets of London, as in the streets of Paris, the people are going about their business with sanity. At the Haymarket office of the American Express Company on Monday morning, August 3, a crowd of Americans were gathered to cash their checks and get their mail. It took me two hours and a half to get inside the office doors; but the passers-by gave only a casual glance; the people on the buses and the bus drivers looked at us with curiosity; but there was order maintained with courteous good nature by half a dozen London policemen.

So far I have experienced only the mental effects of this war specter. Many others, however, have experienced and are experiencing the physical hardship that has come with it. And yet there is no authentic report of actual fighting. All that has happened is

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mobilization—the transportation of troops and the formation of fleets. What is in store for those waving fields of grain, those beautiful peaceful villages, those fair cities of France that I saw last week, I do not want to think of.

Is Germany going to smash France and Belgium, as a journalist from Holland predicted just now in a conversation with me, and then turn about and smash slow-moving Russia? Are Holland and Belgium to be absorbed by the German Empire and France reduced to a third-rate Power, like Spain, as others believe? Or has Germany begun a course of suicide, as an English Liberal newspaper man told me he believed? Is the clanking saber of the Prussian military man going to be the symbol of European life for the next period of history? These are the questions people are asking. The Home Rule Bill, the suffragettes, the Caillaux trial, are all lost in the shadows cast by the glare of war. Mr. Redmond, the Irish Nationalist leader, has won Conservative hearts by pledging the loyalty of Irish Nationalists along with the loyalty of Protestant Ulstermen; and everybody seems to believe that the Irish can now have anything they ask for—even Home Rule. In the midst of the sermon at St. Paul's on Sunday, while the congregation were exhorted to hold to faith as something that was independent of what we saw about us in the world, a suffragette arose and shrieked something and another one became hysterical; but these two irresponsible women were quietly removed with little commotion and without affecting the serious demeanor of the great congregation, to whom the prospect of war brought a new sense of the need of worship.

I do not know how this war appears from the other side of the Atlantic. Perhaps you there can see it in its broad outlines better than I can see it here; but I am sure England and France (in spite of the complication that makes Russia an ally of France and contributes an element of weakness as well as strength) should have the support of the public opinion of America. It is the military aggression of Austria and Germany that England and France are resisting. The democratic spirit of America surely cannot fail to hope that this aggression will be resisted effectually.

ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT.

London, August 4.

THE AUSTRO-SERVIAN CONFLICT

BY CONSTANTIN THEODOR DUMBA, AMBASSADOR OF AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

THE tragic events which have obtruded themselves in resounding succession upon the attention of the world since the presentation of the Austro-Hungarian ultimatum at Belgrade on July 23 are the outcome of a purely defensive measure imposed upon the Dual Monarchy by the imperative laws of self-preservation. The Foreign Office at Vienna sought only to maintain within the borders of the Empire the peace which was menaced, and had been continuously menaced for many years, by the active Servian propaganda conducted in Bosnia and Herzegovina and other parts of the Dual Monarchy, under the full view of the Servian Government.

It is useless and disingenuous to explain the latest phase of Austro-Hungarian policy towards Servia upon the theory of an active hostility to Servian interests and a desire to suppress Servian nationality. In at east two conspicuous instances Austria-Hungary has championed the vital interests of Servia, and with marked success, in the councils of the nations.

One of these occasions was the Congress of Berlin in 1878, when Count Andrassy, the Austro-Hungarian Chancellor and Plenipotentiary, employed the influence of the dual monarchy to obtain international recognition of Servia as an independent kingdom and to include within the boundaries of that country the cities and districts of Nish and Pirot, which had been assigned by the San Stefano Treaty to the newly created Principality of Bulgaria. This was accomplished in the face of the indifference of the Russian statesmen at the conference. The other occasion was in 1885, when Servia, after having declared war upon Bulgaria against Austria's advice, suffered decisive reverses, and the Prince of Bulgaria, with his victorious

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army, was on the road to Belgrade. At Pirot Prince Alexander of Bulgaria was met by Count Khevenhueller, the Austro-Hungarian Minister, who interposed Austria-Hungary's veto to the triumphant march of the Bulgarians, and informed the Prince that if he proceeded another kilometer into Servian territory he would meet the forces of the Dual Monarchy in defense of the territorial integrity of the Servian Kingdom. The invasion, made possible by the abortive attempt of Servia to prevent the consummation of the union between Bulgaria and Eastern Rumelia, was checked instantly by the word of Austria-Hungary.

These two pages of Balkan history are sufficient to prove, if proof were needed, that the policy of Vienna towards the Serbs of Servia is not actuated by any fixed consideration of hostility to the Kingdom. The facts that there is a flourishing Croatian university at Agram under the patronage of the Government, that throughout the Dual Monarchy the Serbs and Croatians have their national schools, in which the language of instruction is Serb or Serbo-Croatian, that in Dalmatia the Croatian is the prevalent language of the administration and the Diet, should indicate sufficiently whether Austria is trying to strangle Serb nationality.

In spite of the equal treatment which the Serbs enjoy with the other races under the ægis of the Dual Monarchy, the Servians of the Kingdom continued their agitation in the border provinces of Austria-Hungary and in Bosnia, trying to hamper the work of civilization intrusted to the Empire by the Treaty of Berlin. This agitation and the provocative attitude of the press and people of the Servian Kingdom have been redoubled in persistence and violence since the victories which the Servians won in the two Balkan wars. It was this agitation that created the atmosphere of bewildered discontent in Bosnia that resulted in the assassination of the Archduke Francis Ferdinand by a Serb youth whose mind had been muddled by the propaganda of the Serb nationalistic organization, the Narodna Obrana, and by the virulent newspaper campaign against Austria conducted in Belgrade.

The crime of Sarajevo was the culminating event in the Servian propaganda of violence within the boundaries of the Dual Monarchy. That deplorable incident finally opened the eyes of the Austrian authorities to the full criminal possibilities of what the Servians in Belgrade are pleased to call the movement for the maintenance of Servian nationality. The realization came clearly to the Austro-Hungarian Government that energetic measures must be taken to put an end forthwith and forever to a murderous political campaign carried on in Bosnia and Herzegovina from the Servian capital. It was this conviction, based upon the elementary instinct of self-preservation, that prompted the ultimatum which the Foreign Office of the Dual Monarchy presented at the Servian capital on July 23.

The reply, although apparently conciliatory, was far from satisfactory in several essential respects. The promise to suppress the agitation was made conditional upon the proof of its existence, when the affirmation of its existence was the basis of the ultimatum. Then, again, the promise to restrain the license of the press in its mendacious attacks upon Austria-Hungary took the form of a vague concession of reform in the law governing the press, but did not contain any pledge to put a stop to the virulently provocative references to the Dual Monarchy.

The Servian Government, on the face of its reply, also undertook the suppression of the Narodna Obrana, with its country-wide network of affiliated organizations—only on condition, however, of conclusive proof of its subversive activities. Inasmuch as the affirmation of the existence of these subversive activities formed the sum and substance of the ultimatum, such a reply to this phase of its just demands was regarded by Austria as the flimsiest sort of evasion on the part of the Servian Government.

Another point that indicated the insincerity of Servia's apparent compliance with the terms of Austria's ultimatum was the failure to accept the Austrian suggestion of co-operation between the Austrian and the Servian police in a joint inquiry into the origin and consummation of the crime of Sarajevo, to serve as the basis for the judicial proceedings in Servia. As to the judicial phase of the inquiry, Austria never made any suggestion of participating. The co-operation of the Austrian police was essential to a successful and final solution of the problem. The shifty attitude of the Servian police on the entire issue raised by the crime of Sarajevo can best be understood when it is remembered that the principal instigator of that offense against the laws of civilization could not be brought to justice because he had been

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warned out of Belgrade by a Servian prefect of police.

The duplicity characteristic of Servian diplomacy came under my personal observation when I was Minister to Servia in the last year of the reign of King Alexander and the beginning of the rule of the present Karageorgevitch dynasty. At my request, after a peculiarly offensive outbreak of anti-Austrian agitation carried on in Belgrade, the Government suppressed the society responsible for endangering the good relations between Austria-Hungary and Servia by a campaign of criminal mendacity. Two weeks later, however, the same organization, under another name and with a new secretary, but with the same membership and the same provocative aims, was in full operation in the same assault upon the peace and security of a neighboring friendly state. Such instances of evasion are so frequent in the history of Servian promises to Austria-Hungary that in this case the Austro-Hungarian Government was determined to exact complete and infallible guarantees for the performance of the required pledges. It was all the more necessary to act with final firmness because the Servian conscience, after the butchery of King Alexander and Queen Draga, of which all the authors, well known to every man of any account in Belgrade, were promoted in army rank, was not especially sensitive to the murder of royal personages.

Besides, the Austrian Government had to be determined to obtain a clear and final solution of the problem, because of its knowledge that Servia's recalcitrant attitude was the result of encouragement from the great northern Power whose shadow was darkening over the Austrian frontier. Nevertheless, with the certainty that Russia was the actual instigator of Servia's defiant policy, the Austro-Hungarian Government regarded the issue involved as so vital that it did not hesitate to submit it to the final test of war.

THE RUSSIAN JEW AND THE WAR

OUR readers will recall the interview with an American Russian Jew which was published in The Outlook of August 15. Mr. George Kennan, who has an intimate and sympathetic knowledge of the struggle for popular institutions in Russia, writes us from Nova Scotia regarding that interview as follows:

"The article by the Jew was interesting. I was particularly glad to read what he said about the relations of the Jews and the Russian people, and the possibility of their living together in harmony and friendship in the absence of governmental provocation. It is absolutely true that the anti-Jewish propaganda in Russia is almost wholly the work of the Czar, the bureaucracy, and their hangers-on in the Black Hundreds. The Russian people do not take part in it except when they are shamefully deceived and misled by the Government or its agents. When the peasants participate in *pogroms*, they do so only because they have been made to believe without a shadow of doubt that the Jews trample and spit on the holy 'ikons' (images of Christ and the Virgin Mary) or murder Christian children to get blood for their ritual service.

"It is amusing to see how the Russian Government officials are now trying to placate the Jews because they know that they will need the latter's brains and business ability in the war. Even General Rennenkamp—that bitter reactionist and Jew-hater—attended services in the Jewish synagogue last Saturday (August 8) in Vilna. The Council of Ministers, too, has hastily suspended the recent order forbidding Jews to take any active part in corporations or joint stock companies. Next the Czar's advisers will stop their campaign against the Finns, who might easily be much more dangerous to Russia in time of war than the Jews could ever be. The Russian bureaucrats should have remembered before the old Oriental proverb, 'Don't spit into a well—you may have to drink out of it.'

"My forecast of the attitude of the Russian people toward the war seems to have been accurate. At the closing session of the Duma all hatchets were buried, and the Czar described the temper of his people as a 'hurricane of enthusiasm.' If this war, with its 'hurricane of enthusiasm,' could only result in the overthrow of the military autocrat of Europe and the transfer of power to the people, it might be worth all that it will cost."

The American Russian Jew to whose arti-

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cle Mr. Kennan refers sends us the following translation of a news paragraph in the New York "Jewish Daily News" of August 17:

A cable from Copenhagen to the Reuter Press Agency announces that among the few German newspapers received here [London] to-day there is the "Frankfurter Zeitung," containing an appeal from the Czar to his Jewish subjects, whom he addresses as "Beloved Ones." The manifesto is printed in both Russian and Yiddish. It reminds them of the mercies bestowed upon them by the Romanoff dynasty, whose interests they are required to further in common with the Christian subjects, and faithfully serve under the Russian flag. They are promised in return to be loved and granted the right of living all over the Empire.

Upon this manifesto our Jewish correspondent makes the following pertinent comment: "It is noteworthy that the Russian Government issued this appeal in Yiddish, an act which is unprecedented in the history of the Russian Empire. The Jewish language is so repugnant to the Russian bureaucracy that any uncensored printing of it, even on a show-card for a shop window, is strictly forbidden. As to the phrase 'Beloved Ones,' its sincerity, to my mind, is of such a character as to make the Czar's horse burst from laughing."

We do not wonder that the Russian Jews are cautious about receiving these new overtures of friendship from the Russian bureaucracy; nevertheless they are indicative of one of the results which is quite likely to come from Russia's participation in the European war. Constitutional rights once granted to the Jews cannot easily be taken away again, and they will inevitably strengthen the general movement towards constitutional and even popular government in Russia.

WAR NOTES

Cable despatches from Port Saïd say that the port is jammed with vessels of all nations, and that traffic through the Suez Canal has practically ceased.

The Lloyds Insurance Agency is insuring the risk of the war continuing after the end of the year. The premium is fifty per cent on policies reading "to pay the total loss in the event of no declaration of peace before December 31 next."

The housing and guarding of prisoners seems likely to become an acute problem of the war before long. Already the French have several thousand German prisoners, and the exchange of them is not an easy matter to arrange.

The Carthusian monks who were expelled from France when the law restricting religious associations was adopted have returned to their native land and are putting off the white habit of the Order of St. Bruno to don the uniform of the French soldier.

The war correspondents are having a hard time. The British and French have forbidden them to accompany their armies, and the Germans, Russians, and Belgians so hamper the newspaper men with restrictions that it is practically impossible for them to see any fighting.

Stevedores and teamsters of course are feeling the effects of the war with all others whose employment is related to shipping. In New York City the International Brotherhood of Teamsters has estimated that fifty per cent of the teamsters trucking to the docks have been laid off.

Up to August 19, $52,000 had been raised for the Servian Red Cross Fund by patriotic societies in America. Thousands of dollars are pouring into the American Red Cross to equip the relief ship which is to sail soon with one hundred and fifty or more surgeons and nurses on board.

While the National Government has been bringing stranded Americans to the shores of this country, a committee appointed by Mayor Mitchel, of New York, has been relaying onto inland points home-comers who have landed in New York without sufficient funds to continue the journey to their own firesides.

Captains and crews of thousands of steam lighters, ocean-going tugs, and other small craft in American harbors whose activity is dependent on the movements of ocean traffic have been thrown out of work by the war. Officers of the Masters, Mates, and Pilots' Association of America have announced their intention of urging President Wilson to see to it that American captains are given the first chance of employment now that the bill to permit the flying of the American flag over foreign-built vessels owned in this country is passed.

The coast artillery at Fort Hancock, Sandy Hook, recently gave ample proof that if we should be drawn into this war citizens of the metropolis need fear no bombardment by hostile fleets. Out of twelve shots from twelve-inch

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mortars fired at moving targets three miles from shore—a point out of range of Manhattan—ten hits were made. Any one of these hits would have put a battle-ship completely *hors de combat*, according to military experts.

The New York "Journal of Commerce" prints a list, tabulated from marine insurance reports, of the vessels that have so far been captured or seized as prizes of war. The total number of vessels thus listed is eighty-two, chiefly steamers, there being less than a dozen sailing vessels among the number. Of these eighty, sixty-three are German, eight are Austrian, six are British, two are Servian, and one is Finnish. Four merchant ships, two of them neutral, have been sunk by mines.

The "Electric Railway Journal" points out that even a short war will mean a serious delay in the electrification of steam railways in Europe. France, Germany, and Russia all had large electrification projects on hand which, of course, have been abandoned for the time being; and even if Italy, Spain, Switzerland, and Norway succeed in maintaining their neutrality, they will have to postpone the electrifications which they had planned, owing to shortage of funds and the assignment to army duty of the best engineers.

The Boy Scout movement has been established in each one of the countries now at war, with an estimated enrollment of 350,000 boys, and frequent reports are coming in which tell of the heroism of Scouts in the face of distress and suffering. In Germany the Scouts have volunteered to assist in gathering the harvests; in England they have volunteered their services as messengers, where lines of communication have been cut, to patrol the exposed line of communication and to give warning if danger threatens. In England, too, Boy Scouts are being organized by the Red Cross as helpers.

While it has helped some industries in America, the war has hit others hard. Several of the great typewriter factories have postponed opening for the fall season or have allowed numbers of their employees to go, it has been announced, as there will now be no demand for machines abroad, and as the stock on hand is sufficient for the domestic market. Tanneries, which are having a hard time getting raw material, machinery factories, and textile mills are among the others which have curtailed running expenses or shut down entirely. A strike was brought on in a Newark mattress factory by the announcement that on account of the war wages would be reduced twenty per cent.

Among the stranded Americans whom the London papers jocularly call "splendid paupers" are many millionaires and bank presidents. Some of their adventures in temporary poverty lend a touch of humor to the background of pathos. An opulent American manufacturer is reported by a London newspaper as jumping into a taxicab and running up a bill of three shillings before remembering that he hadn't the cash. "Then I stopped the cab at a tube station," the millionaire is quoted as saying, "left a dollar bill on a seat, and went in on the excuse of buying a paper, then dodged out by another exit."

The French soldier, as yet unreported by name, who captured a German flag at St. Blaise, being the first of his countrymen to perform this feat, will win $2,000 for his heroism. Paul Charnier, a Parisian flag dealer, had offered a prize of $1,000 for the first German standard captured, and now it is recalled by Mme. de Plunkett, widow of a former director of the Théâtre Palais Royal, that in 1893 her husband offered a similar reward to the soldier who should take the first standard from the enemy when the time came to revenge the defeats of 1870.

A new weekly paper called "The Fatherland," edited and published by some well-known German-Americans, has just made its appearance in New York. Its editors announce that it is "devoted to fair play for Germany and Austria" on the ground that "the American newspapers of New York are inspired by a more virulent form of Germanophobia than the papers of London." If the "Fatherland" can obtain and publish accurate and enlightening war news from Germany, it will perform a public service. One of the editors of the "Fatherland" having written to the New York "Times" accusing it of suppressing facts and of publishing *ex parte* statements to the detriment of Germany, the editor of the 'Times,' Dr. Charles R. Miller, replied as follows: "*Ex parte* statements, suppression of facts? Why, my dear sir, without knowing what your occupation is, I will venture to state that if you will undertake to procure and deliver to the 'Times' trustworthy news from Germany, it will pay you a weekly stipend exceeding your present business income." The great majority of American newspapers want the news and print it when they get it. But denunciation of American public opinion is not news.

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THE WEEK

FREE SHIPS FOR AMERICAN COMMERCE

The Ship Registry Bill, which has passed both houses of Congress, meets the present emergency of providing ships under the American flag to carry American products to Europe by doing precisely what The Outlook has long urged as the only feasible way of restoring the American carrying trade. The law forbidding American registry to American-owned but foreign-built ships (except under severe restriction) was intended to help our shipbuilding trade. It has absolutely failed in this, and meanwhile commerce under the American flag has dwindled lamentably. What is now adopted as a war-time measure may well be maintained as a permanent policy.

Already the Panama Bill allowed foreign ships built within five years to be purchased by Americans. The new law admits all foreign-built vessels bought by American citizens or corporations to engage in transoceanic trade under our flag, but retains the prohibition of American registry as regards our coastwise trade for foreign-built ships. It is already evident that large numbers of vessels will take advantage of this law, including some which are already American-owned but which sail under the British flag—for instance, W. R. Grace & Co. and the United Fruit Company are American owners of many ships now sailing under the British or other flags and will transfer their registry to obtain the advantage of neutrality. It remains true that if a ship which has changed its registry under this law is seized by one of the warring nations, that nation through its own Admiralty Court may judge of the genuineness of the transfer; and therefore, although the law puts on no restriction as to cash payments, it behooves purchasers of foreign ships to see that the evidence of a genuine sale is clear and convincing. Moreover, and for the same reason, Governmental insurance of American cargoes in American ships is desirable, just as the British Government's insurance of neutral cargoes in British ships is now of great aid to commerce. A law providing for such insurance will very probably pass Congress before this is read. It was also announced last week that the United States itself would purchase and operate merchant vessels.

The fear that America might not be able to market abroad its enormous grain crops is much allayed both by the action of Congress and by the success of Great Britain in keeping open her western ports and in protecting transatlantic commerce. It is understood that the two greatest German transatlantic steamship companies are offering for sale their splendid liners now held up in American ports, hoping perhaps that under their new owners they may trade to German ports. Such transfer of ownership would greatly help American commerce, but it is not surprising that Great Britain should be inclined to examine closely the character and terms of such sales.

THE HIGH COST OF EATING

That the American housewife should find as an instant sequence of a war in Europe that she must pay more for meat, sugar, and eggs is eminently disagreeable, to say the least. Even flour went up when war was declared, although there was grave question as to how our wheat crop was to get to Europe. One table of wholesale prices for fourteen standard food commodities shows a rise from August 1 to August 13 of about a third.

Reports that trusts and large wholesalers were advancing prices without warrant or reason and for speculative and grasping motives were followed by expressions of popular indignation. President Wilson at once set on foot an investigation into the charges, and a large force of special agents is at work to discover whether the Sherman Law or other laws are being violated. In New York City the civic authorities are making inquiry also, and are stringently enforcing the law as to short weight and misrepresentation—some bakers in particular are charged with mislabeling their loaves as to weight. The meat-packers claim that high prices are not due to the war, but to an alarming shortage in American meat production. Several meat-packers have been summoned before the Federal investigation committee at Chicago. Bills to restrict exportation of food commodities have been introduced into Congress.

If prices are to be kept down—and it is not to be denied that foreign war has a tendency to raise some prices—the co-operation of the consumers is needed. They should buy less meat; should select foodstuffs that are eco-

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nomical; encourage open markets; co-operate wherever and however possible in buying; "buy in small quantities," says Mrs. Julian Heath, of the Housewives' League; denounce and report extortion and dishonesty.

ENGLAND IN THE WAR

The mails which last week brought to the United States the English newspapers reporting and commenting on England's action in the war crisis confirm the feeling already existing in this country that Great Britain used every means in her power to induce the European Powers to submit the matters in controversy to diplomacy instead of rushing headlong into war. Very significant on this point is the publication, verbatim, of the following despatch from the British Foreign Minister, Sir Edward Grey, to the British Ambassador at Berlin, sent just before war actually broke out:

I said to German Ambassador this morning that if Germany could get any reasonable proposal put forward which made it clear that Germany and Austria were striving to preserve European peace, and that Russia and France would be unreasonable if they rejected it, I would support it at St. Petersburg and Paris, and go the length of saying that if Russia and France would not accept it his Majesty's Government would have nothing more to do with the consequences; but otherwise I told German Ambassador that if France became involved we should be drawn in.

This not only shows Great Britain's attitude, but is confirmatory of the feeling existing in this country that if Germany had made strong representations to Austria and brought upon Austria such pressure as their relations in the Triple Alliance justified, Austria's ultimatum to Servia, following Servia's very conciliatory reply to Austria's angry demands, would never have been issued.

The full text of Sir Edward Grey's speech in Parliament is also confirmatory of the almost universal feeling in America that the British Ministry dealt with the situation with dignity and restraint. Few abler speeches before Parliament have ever been reported.

THE CONSTITUTIONALISTS IN MEXICO CITY

As foreshadowed in The Outlook last week, General Obregon has occupied Mexico City with a considerable force of Constitutional soldiers. As was expected also, the Provisional President, Mr. Carbajal, retired from the capital and some of the Federal troops moved southward. It is most satisfactory to record the fact that no general excesses on the part of the incoming soldiers, or military executions of Federalists, are reported, and that individual cases of violence have been severely punished by General Obregon. General Carranza himself is, as we write, expected to enter the Mexican capital within a few days. Apparently the plan then is to declare him Provisional President (we believe he is already using the term) and to confirm that title later by popular election—or with something as near to a popular election as is possible in Mexico.

The cloud on the Constitutionalist victory is Villa, and in our judgment he is a very serious danger and one that may mean a new Mexican war. Private information from Mexico to The Outlook confirms this belief. Letters from El Paso state that Villa appears to be extremely restless, that he is confiscating American property, recruiting all the available men in northern Mexico, and smuggling in all the ammunition and supplies he can get across the border. One correspondent says, "Carranza will have absolutely to eliminate himself to prevent a revolution led by Villa." Another correspondent says:

Villa's army is in Torreon and Chihuahua, considered strategic points, for a popular theory in El Paso is that if Villa can get support from some of the dissatisfied elements in southern Mexico, Zapatistas or remnants of the Huerta gang, he will strike straight at Mexico City, but that if he finds no southern support he will remain on the defensive, declaring a separate Republic in the five northern States of Coahuila, Durango, Chihuahua, Sonora, and Sinaloa.

Coahuila is Carranza's native State, but Villa feeling is strong there; and in Sonora, where Carranza launched his revolution against Huerta, the controlling faction seems to be led by Maytorena and other allies of Villa.

THE PANAMA CANAL

At the moment when the United States is seeking, with a determination born of necessity, for an enlarged outlet for the products of its industry in the continent to the south, the announcement is made that the Panama Gateway is opened for the trade of the world. For months the locks have been ready for use. Furthermore, the waters flooding the Culebra Cut and the artificial basin above Gatun have already carried the burden of Government vessels and of barge-

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borne commercial cargoes. The present announcement of the opening of the Panama Canal means that the great waterway is now ready for the transportation of ocean-going merchant ships drawing as much as thirty feet of water. Ultimately, when the last of the slides have been removed, the Canal will have a navigable depth of never less than thirty-nine feet.

It is a memorable tribute to the splendid efficiency of our Government engineers that the Canal is ready for commercial service one year ahead of the time set for its opening. The ceremonies attending this truly significant event—an event which in other times would have been hailed throughout the world as the practical fulfillment of a dream four hundred years old—were of the simplest nature. The first ship to pass through was the steamer Ancon, belonging to the United States Government. The flag of the American Peace Society fluttered from her foremast. Beneath her decks, however, symbolic perhaps of the fact that the United States has wisely decided that the neutrality of its Canal cannot be trusted merely behind the paper barricades of international treaties, were two of the heavy mortars that are to be placed in fortifications upon the Pacific shore. The decks of the Ancon were crowded with guests of the Government, officials of the Canal Administration and of the Republic of Panama.

The tolls on the ships and barges that have already passed through the Canal amount to the sum of $100,000. Uncle Sam is doubtless as happy over this, the first-fruit of his gigantic labor, as any small boy with his first five cents "earned all by himself." The comparison is not so belittling as it may sound!

ANTI-TRUST PROCEEDINGS: THE NEW HAVEN ROAD

No longer ago than last July the President publicly approved the action of the Department of Justice in bringing a suit against the New Haven Railroad on the ground that the present or reform management of that road had been guilty of "a breach of faith." The President stated that the present management had broken "an agreement deliberately and solemnly entered into" in a manner that was to him "inexplicable and entirely without justification." It is now announced that this suit for "breach of faith" will not be pressed by the Government because the agreement between the New Haven and the Government has been renewed. The officers of the road state that the new agreement substantially recognizes the justice of the attitude of the New Haven Directors taken in July which the President denounced as "a breach of faith."

If the published reports of the controversy are correct, we think the New Haven directors are right, and that the President has wisely receded from a mistaken position. Under the present agreement with the Government the New Haven Railroad is to sell its Boston and Maine stock during the next twelve months, but the time may be extended if there is reasonable ground for believing that a sale on terms fair to the stockholders cannot be made in the period named. In the suit which has now been abandoned the Government sought to take the Long Island Sound Steamship lines and the New England Railroad from the New Haven Railway System. Under the present agreement the status of the New England road is not touched, and the disposition of the steamship lines is to be left to the judgment of the Inter-State Commerce Commission.

We think this compromise on the part of the Government is wise. It puts an important element of the controversy into the hands of the Inter-State Commerce Commission, where it properly belongs; and it recognizes the good faith of the reorganized Board of Directors of the New Haven road and gives them the opportunity, which the Inter-State Commerce Commission recently said they should have, of putting the great transportation system in their charge upon a sound financial and public-service basis.

ANTI-TRUST PROCEEDINGS: THE INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY

The International Harvester Company, the greatest corporation of its kind in the world, was created in 1902 out of the combination of five separate companies manufacturing agricultural machinery and implements. A suit has been pending in the Federal courts for some time in which the Government pleads for a dissolution of the Harvester Company on the ground that it is a monopolistic combination in restraint of trade and therefore violates the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. A decision has just been rendered in the United States District Court in Minnesota in which two of the three presiding judges, Judge Walter I. Smith, of Iowa, and Judge

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William C. Hook, of Kansas, find that the Harvester Company is an illegal monopoly and must dissolve within ninety days. Judge Walter A. Sanborn, of Minnesota, dissented from the opinion of his associates.

In the decision against the Harvester Company the Court distinctly says that it has conducted its business by methods that are fair and just, that it has not been guilty of oppression, but that its business has grown to such an enormous proportion that it now controls from eighty to eighty-five per cent of the trade in agricultural implements and is therefore an obnoxious monopoly under the Sherman Law. Judge Sanborn in his dissenting opinion used the following language:

> The weight of the evidence of the officers and agents of their competitors, who came in large numbers to testify, and of all witnesses upon the subject, is also overwhelming that the general conduct and the almost universal practice of the defendants and their agents was, and is, free from all methods and acts either unlawful, unfair, or oppressive toward their competitors, that it has left no doubt that the consistent and persistent purpose, policy, rule of action, and practice of the defendants has been, and is, to avoid and prevent all acts and methods unfair, unjust, or oppressive toward their competitors.
>
> Their prices to the consumers remained nearly stationary and increased far less than the prices of other agricultural machinery, the trade in which was not claimed to have been restrained or monopolized.

The two judges constituting the majority of the Court appear to base their decision upon the philosophic theory once advanced by Mr. Bryan, that anybody who does over fifty per cent of the business of any given trade is a monopolist. This, of course, is the theory that badness is a necessary element of bigness. The Supreme Court has named the following as the evils of monopoly: the power to fix prices, to deteriorate quality, to limit output. To these three evils The Outlook adds two more: the power to lower wages and thus impose evil conditions on the laborer; the power to destroy rivals and thus destroy freedom in the industrial world. The decision of the United States District Court in the Harvester case seems to acquit the Harvester Company of having practiced any of these five evil powers, and to condemn it simply because it is big. The case will, of course, be appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, and the decision of this tribunal in this case will have an important bearing upon American industry for years to come.

RAILWAY HEROISM

Our attention was attracted by a brief despatch in the New York "Times" of July 30, giving an account of the heroic action of the engineer and crew of a locomotive which was wrecked the day before on one of the divisions of the New Haven railway system. The incident seemed to us so significant and interesting, if true, that we applied to the officials of the road for confirmation of the news. A responsible executive officer of the road informs us that the "Times" report, although incorrect in one or two minor details, was substantially accurate. The facts are as follows:

On July 29 a pusher locomotive of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad jumped the track near West Pawling, New York, was thrown against the side of a rock cut, keeled over, and was badly wrecked. Joseph Remington, a fireman, was scalded to death by escaping steam. Frank Cowles, a flagman, and Romeyn Whitson, the engineer, although suffering from "severe contusions and painful burns," to quote the words of the official report of the accident, limped and crawled nearly a mile to report the wreck and warn oncoming trains that the track was not clear. The executive officer above referred to writes us that Whitson "is now in the hospital at Matteawan, and, if he were to be interviewed, I am sure he would disclaim any credit for heroism in what he did. It was part of his duty, and he performed it just as thousands of others in hazardous occupations are performing their duty every day."

In spite of the creditable modesty of this disclaimer, it is nevertheless true that Whitson and Cowles displayed a high type of heroism in getting to the nearest station under great and painful difficulties to warn approaching trains of their danger.

ALL IN THE DAY'S WORK

In investigating this accident a representative of The Outlook was told by another official of a similar display of courage in action on another division of the same railway system. A few days before the West Pawling accident it was found necessary to move an oil car from a siding near the Heathcote station of the New York, Westchester, and Boston Railroad, which is a subsidiary of

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the New Haven system. An electric switching engine was coupled to the oil car, and two or three of the train crew crawled onto the car to remove a pump which projected from the opening in the "dome" of the car to such a height that there was danger of its striking trees overhead. The oil in the car was petroleum—what is known as "road oil"—and not generally considered inflammable; but as a lantern was passed over the opening there was suddenly a terrific explosion, and a mass of flames shot skyward. Clyde Holcomb, the motorman of the engine, was thrown to the ground and died in flames. Arthur W. Cleveland, the conductor, was hurled a distance of a hundred feet by the force of the detonation. Although all his clothing was blown or burned from him, one arm broken, and his face horribly burned, when he was picked up by a signalman he insisted on entering the cab of the engine and running it out to the main track to remove several cars left standing there which his railway instinct told him were a source of anger to traffic. Then he collapsed. He was taken in an automobile to a hospital, where he died the next day.

These three men—Cowles, Whitson, and Cleveland—were well-trained men. The heroic acts which they performed were done in response to their "railroad instinct"—it was all in the day's work with them. Just now the papers are filled with accounts of the heroic deeds of soldiers on the battlefield. It is eminently proper to sing the praises of the man who risks his life or gives it outright for his country, but we must not overlook the heroism of American workmen doing their duty in ordinary daily life. And, finally, in honoring the individual workman for his individual act of heroism, we must remember that an employee who displays an intrepid and devoted spirit almost invariably gets some of his inspiration from the general spirit of the corporation for which he works. Cowles, Whitson, and Cleveland have earned glory for themselves. Their acts and courageous spirit also reflect credit on the *esprit de corps* of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad, an organization which has lately received from the public many more brickbats than bouquets.

AUSTRALASIA WINS AT TENNIS

Following the departure of the Polo trophy from this country and the failure of American golfers to make more than a very fleeting impression upon their English cousins, the Davis Tennis Cup, after a year's sojourn in the United States, has again departed for Australasia. The matches at Forest Hills between the United States and Australasia—the events leading up to these international finals were recounted in last week's Outlook—brought out very clearly four things of interest and concern:

America has the best single tennis player in the world.

Australasia still possesses the best team at doubles.

Even in so strenuous a game as tennis of international standard, it has again been demonstrated that the stamina and vigor of youth can be checkmated by the maturity of judgment which comes from age and experience.

Lastly, and of most concern of all to Americans, it has been demonstrated with equal clarity that this country has still something to learn concerning the true distinction between a "sport" and a "sportsman."

The American who achieved recognized pre-eminence in the tennis world by his defeat of both Norman E. Brookes and Anthony J. Wilding upon the courts at Forest Hills was Maurice E. McLoughlin. McLoughlin defeated Brookes in three straight sets, winning the first by the unprecedented game-score in an international match of 17–15. From Wilding he took three sets out of four. Both Wilding and Brookes defeated McLoughlin's team-mate, Norris E. Williams, in the singles. The two Australasians also decisively defeated McLoughlin and Thomas C. Bundy in straight sets, 6–3, 8–6, 9–7. McLoughlin in the doubles match failed to play up to the standard expected of this brilliant Californian. Something of McLoughlin's weakness may be due to the fact that upon him rested very largely the responsibility for the choice of Bundy as a playing partner. Bundy he relied upon as a steadying balance for his own daring attack. Bundy's coolness when the battle began to go against the American pair justified McLoughlin's choice.

The confession that America has still much to learn of the distinction between a "sport" and a "sportsman" was made manifest by the manner in which a large majority of the great gathering of twelve thousand people behaved towards the visiting players. The officials did the best they could to prevent the crowd from cheering the errors of the

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Australasians, but their efforts were in many instances in vain. Mr. Brookes, who has not been in the best of health since his arrival in this country and who has been under continued strain because of the preliminary matches in which he has been almost continuously engaged, at one time manifested a rather childish impatience with the actions of the crowd by holding his hands to his ears to shut out the sounds of the hostile cheering. At this there were shouts from the stands of "Take him off! Put him out!" that were worthy of the most rabid of "fans" at a professional ball game. There were shouts, too, of "Get him, Mac!"—shouts such as are addressed to contestants in the prize-ring by their financial backers more frequently than to amateur athletes of international reputation.

America need feel no humiliation for the loss of a trophy so well defended and so well won. So much cannot be said, however, for the fact that, together with this memorable cup, the Australasians will take with them half-way round the world the rankling memory of a reception not soon to be forgotten.

A CITY THAT DOCTORS ITSELF

Cincinnati is soon to open a splendid new general hospital in connection with the medical school of Cincinnati University which is under municipal control. This is said to be the only instance in this country of a municipal medical school and hospital conducted by and for a city.

The hospital, which will accommodate fifteen hundred patients at a pinch, is situated on a plot of twenty-seven acres adjoining another city-owned tract of thirty-eight acres to be used for day camps for weak and sick children or adults, and also for night camps for men with incipient or arrested tuberculosis.

The hospital will be the center for medical education in Cincinnati, for not only the physicians of the hospital staff will have the benefit of its use, but every reputable physician in the city as well. These outside physicians may hold their meetings in the large amphitheater where there are powerful projecting lanterns and other facilities to aid them in teaching, or they may use the spacious laboratories of the pathological building where specimens will be saved specially for their use.

With the opening of this hospital Cincinnati will be in a fair way to become one of the great medical teaching centers of the country. Furthermore, in making this departure in the history of municipal affairs in America, Cincinnati has set an excellent example for other cities to follow.

THE DEATH OF THE POPE

Pius X died in the Vatican on Wednesday of last week. A return of the serious illness experienced by the Pope some time ago was undoubtedly hastened by his extreme anxiety and grief over the spread of war, and one of the Pope's last utterances was a world-wide prayer for the removal of the evil causes of war. Enfeebled by age and previous illness, the Pope's condition rapidly became grave, and he soon passed away in the presence of his two sisters and his brother and of several dignitaries of the Church.

Giuseppe Sarto, known now as Pius X, was of peasant origin, began his career as a parish priest, and rose rapidly in the hierarchy. At the time of his elevation to the headship of the Church, in 1903, he was Patriarch of Venice as well as Cardinal, and his love and longing for Venice since his confinement in the Vatican are well known.

An editorial estimate will be found on another page, while a personal article by the Rev. Joseph H. McMahon gives some most interesting impressions and observations.

MUCH-NEEDED REGULATIONS

It is probably possible, on the basis of the figures of the past five years, to announce every Saturday night the number of people who will be killed on Sunday by reckless use of automobiles. The list is appalling and is a serious reflection on a country which pretends to have laws to protect its citizens and to enforce those laws. Sunday has become a day of slaughter, and the number of children who are weekly sacrificed to speed and incompetence ought to arouse the public to take effective action. Unfortunately, Americans are so accustomed to haste and are apparently so indifferent to the preservation of life that the slaughter must go on until in some dramatic way attention is arrested and public feeling deeply enough moved to enforce the law. In some locations the regulations are insufficient; in other localities they are not enforced. The non-enforcement of law is one of the most serious signs of the times in this country, and especially serious

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because of the intellectual and moral laxity which permits it. Hosts of Americans seem to think that when they have put a law in the statute-book the work is ended.

The National Council for Industrial Safety is circulating throughout the country a series of suggestions to the drivers of automobiles which ought to be printed in great letters on every highway and to be enforced; at present more unoffending people are killed by reckless driving than on many battlefields.

SAFETY FIRST, SAFETY ALWAYS, AUTO DRIVERS

I. Be considerate.

II. Go slow: 1. Passing children. 2. Passing vehicles. 3. Approaching crossings. 4. Turning corners.

III. Stop: 1. At railroad crossings. 2. Behind standing street cars.

IV. Use chains on slippery pavements.

V. When in doubt—go slow or stop.

THE FLY AT THE BAR

Boards of Health, National, State, and local, have issued rules and warnings against the house-fly, until "Swat the fly" has become a household injunction, although not always in such unconventional terms. We believe that it has remained for England to be the first to bring this domestic pest before the bar, and that this year he (or she) has for the first time been arraigned in court. A recent number of the London "Times" devotes a column to this, which may well become a standard case, to which reference will be made by judge and lawyer.

It seems that in a hamlet on the Thames a market gardener deposited stable manure on land adjoining the residence of a Mrs. Bland. This lady and her husband had the courage to test the right of the gardener to maintain a nuisance of this kind on his own premises. The courts held that while a disagreeable smell might not be cause sufficient to justify an injunction, the fact that flies breed in manure and might injure the health of neighbors was full justification for an order of restraint.

The case afforded an opportunity for rival experts to give partisan evidence. One of them for the defendant testified that the gardener managed this manure well, that it gave off only "quite an agreeable smell of ammonia." Of course he saw no flies! Another expert from the British Museum also testified for the defense that he did not see any flies on the gardener's premises, but found a swarm of flies on the porch, belonging to three or four different species, with no single house-fly. He admitted that house-flies bred in manure, but was unwilling to testify that the people in the house were justified in claiming a menace to health or even discomfort.

The judge stated that the complainants had proved that flies had been prevalent ever since the manure had been placed where it was, necessitating wire screens in the windows; that the flies came from the manure; that experts had discovered an abnormal number of flies, and that they were not only a discomfort but might be a menace to health; and, although he felt reluctant to interfere with the gardener's profitable industry, he felt compelled to grant an injunction restraining him from so handling his stable manure as to make possible the breeding of flies near adjoining premises, and he assessed the costs of the suit against the defendant.

POPE PIUS X

The Outlook joins with all Christendom in paying its respect to the memory of Pius X in this appreciation of his life and character.

The Pope fulfills two functions in modern civilization: he may be a great statesman and he may be a great spiritual counselor; it is rarely the case that the same man can be great in both capacities. Pope Leo XIII was a great statesman; Pope Pius X was a great spiritual force, though not, from The Outlook's point of view, always wise in his counsel.

A considerable proportion of the citizens in every civilized country hold the Roman Catholic faith. They exercise, rightfully, a proportional influence on the policy and direction of their country. With the developing power of democracy this power of the Roman Catholic constituency increases. The Pope naturally and legitimately exercises, directly through his state papers, indirectly through the hierarchy, a very considerable influence on this Roman Catholic constituency. It is of great national importance that this influence should be exercised on behalf of those policies which make for justice and peace within the nation; it is of great international importance that it should be exercised on behalf of those policies which make for justice and peace among the nations. And this requires not only a right spirit in the Pope, but broad human sympathies, a wise

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understanding of national and international affairs, and diplomatic skill such that the influence may not be so exercised as to be resented.

Pope Leo XIII was a great scholar and a great diplomat. He exercised this national and international influence very effectively in the interest of national and international peace and justice. He recognized frankly the difference in temperament of the Catholic communions in different communities; that the needs of the American Church, the French Church, the Spanish Church, the German Church, the Italian Church, are different, and the differences call for different policies. By his wise intervention in the Catholic Church of America in 1892–3 he put an end to the bitterness in the struggle over the public school question, and made it impossible for local authorities to compel the children by threats of excommunication to attend the parish schools. In France he healed temporarily the breach between the Church and the State and persuaded the French Church to work in harmony, apparent if not profoundly real, with the French Republic. He established friendly relations with the English people, and by the appointment of Dr. Newman as Cardinal did much to abate the historic prejudices of a large class of Englishmen against the Church. He promoted more amicable relations between the hierarchy and the Government in Germany, though the breach between the Old Catholics and the Church was one impossible to heal without the abandonment of cherished principles by one side or the other. This equally prevented the hoped-for union between the Roman and the Anglican Churches, since the Pope would not and consistently could not recognize the legitimacy of the English priesthood. He sought to bring about the reunion of the Eastern Church with the Church of Rome, an endeavor subsequently neutralized, in part at least, by the policy of the Vatican under his successor.

In all these and other ways Pope Leo XIII labored successfully to bring about a better understanding, not only between different nations, but also between Protestants, Greek Catholics, and Roman Catholics in every nation. Perhaps the most striking exhibition of this spirit of true Catholicity is afforded by his declaration to the Scottish Catholic Bishops in 1898: "Many of the Scottish people who do not agree with us in faith sincerely love the name of Christ and strive to ascertain his doctrine and to imitate his most holy example." Perhaps the most notable evidence of his sympathy with the aspirations toward liberty of the common people of all lands is afforded by his famous Encyclical on Socialism, which is said to have earned for him the nickname of "The Workingman's Pope." The Socialist, indeed, would undoubtedly contend that this Encyclical does not correctly define Socialism; but the open-minded Socialist would as undoubtedly recognize the fact that in it the Pope meets the Socialist in the tribunal of reason. He argues with the Socialist; he does not attempt to repress by ecclesiastical authority the Socialistic propaganda.

Pius X was, by character, temperament, and training, a very different man from his predecessor. He was of peasant origin; was not notable as a scholar; had no experience in politics or diplomacy; had lived a relatively retired life, always in a Roman Catholic community; knew little or nothing of the world outside except as he learned it from books. His interest as priest and bishop was not in the great world, but in his parish and its work; his interest as Pope was not in national or international problems, but in the Church and in its ritual and theology. If public report may at all be credited, he accepted the election to the Papacy with unfeigned regret, not as the gratification of an ambition, however worthy, but as a divine call to duty which could not be disregarded. In the first number of the "Constructive Quarterly" the Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., had an article on "The Reforms of Pius X." Substantially all of them are ecclesiastical reforms—in seminary education, in Church music and the Church liturgy, in the observance of the Church feasts, and in the Church theology. The characteristic difference between the two Popes is strikingly illustrated by the difference, both in theme and in spirit, between the Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII on Socialism and the Encyclical of Pius X on Modernism. The Encyclical of Pope Leo XIII is a human document; that of Pope Pius X is a scholastic one: "that was addressed to the people, this to the hierarchy; that dealt with a practical question of universal interest, this with questions of abstract theology of almost exclusively class interest; that attempted, with remarkable success, to guide in wise channels a great intellectual and social movement, this attempts to turn back a movement which is at once intellectual and spiritual; that gave new courage and wise

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counsel to a democrary which sorely needed both, this attempts to employ the methods of a mediæval age in re-establishing a mediæval theology."[1]

It is this attempt to re-establish, not merely a mediæval theology, but also a mediæval authority, to enforce opinions by law, not by reason, which history will record as the weakness of the Papacy under the administration of Pius X. And for that weakness it will hold responsible the man who was long the Pope's Prime Minister rather than the Pope himself.

This man, Merry del Val, for years the Pope's adviser, is a Spanish churchman. And the Spanish Church, from the days of Ferdinand and Isabella, has always pursued a policy of repression, never a policy of free discussion. In an age of universal persecucution, persecution was at its worst in Spain. The Spanish Inquisition stamped out the Modernism of its day with a cruelty remorseless because it was conscientious. The spirit of theological autocracy which dictated that policy in the eighteenth century survives in the policy of the Spanish Premier of the Vatican in the twentieth century. It has defeated the attempts of Leo XIII to bring about a reconciliation beween the Greek and the Roman Catholic Churches, by raising again the question whether the Holy Spirit proceeds from the Father or from the Father and the Son, a question which not only no longer interests mankind, but which conveys absolutely no meaning to the modern mind. It has annulled the reconciling efforts of Leo XIII in France, where it has succeeded in alienating from the Vatican the sympathies, not only of the radicals, but also of devout Roman Catholics, including some of the higher French clergy. It has not succeeded in preventing Roman Catholic scholars from studying either the Bible or science and availing themselves of the fruits of modern research and modern investigation; but it has compelled them to pursue those studies in carefully guarded seclusion. By prohibiting the faithful from reading the "Programme of the Modernists" it at once created a demand for a larger edition. The remedy for erroneous opinion is discussion, not repression. To that conviction mankind have come, after a long experience of the policy of repression, and no decrees, Papal or Protestant, can avail to change that conviction.

[1] Quoted from The Outlook of November 9, 1907.

It is a striking evidence of the power of personal character that, in spite of the reactionary and disastrous Spanish policy of the Vatican under the mediæval statecraft of Merry del Val, Pope Pius X had the esteem and affection of the entire Christian world, Protestant as well as Papal. The people believed in his sincerity, his simplicity, his spiritual faith. The unconscious benediction of his personality carried inspiration to unnumbered thousands who never saw him. His face was said to remind one of the face of Phillips Brooks. The same benignity characterized them both, and we may well believe that something of the same spiritual faith and hope and charity animated the Catholic Bishop of Rome and the Protestant Bishop of Massachusetts.

One of the earliest acts of Pope Pius X was to give his blessing to the new Italian translation of the Gospels. "I have lived," he said, "among the common people, and know what they want and what pleases them. Tell them the simplest Bible stories and you will have attentive listeners and effect blessed results. . . . No matter how many prayer-books and books of devotion there may be for priests, none is better than the Gospels. This is an unsurpassed book of devotion, the true bread of life." A few months later this utterance was followed by a decree forbidding the sale of any privilege or dispensation by the bishops or clergy for a money consideration. The sale of dispensations, though abandoned elsewhere, had been up to that time continued in the Spanish countries. In the same spirit was the appointment in 1907 of a Commission to attempt the restoration of the pure text of the Vulgate, or Latin edition of the Bible, as St. Jerome wrote it, and the order forbidding the use in Roman Catholic churches of any music later than Palestrina, an order aimed at the operatic music which, introduced into the Church services, had tended, at least in some instances, to convert them from a ritual of worship into a musical entertainment.

In short, the Pope's motto "To establish all things in Christ" has had an ecclesiastical, but also more than an ecclesiastical, significance; it has been interpreted to mean a revival of ancient traditions, but it has also meant a revival of spiritual faith. That in England and America the Roman Catholic Church was never more active in spiritual and social service; that in France, despite, or perhaps because of, the separation of

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Church and State, the enthusiasm of the free but independent Church is greater than was the enthusiasm of the Church when supported by the State, is due in part at least to the simple-hearted spiritual fervor of Pope Pius X. Protestant Christians may well mingle their prayers with those of their Roman Catholic brethren that the College of Cardinals may select a worthy successor.

THE PURPOSE OF THE WAR

In a regiment the thousand men are animated by very different purposes. One has enlisted for love of country; one in the hope of booty; one for a soldier's wage; one for mere love of adventure. But the purpose of the regiment is neither one of these nor all of them combined. Its members rarely comprehend the purpose of its colonel and never comprehend the part it is appointed to play in the plan of the campaign.

The purpose of this war is as little determined by the motives of the nations engaged in it as is the purpose of a battle by the motives of the private soldiers.

Individuals generally, nations always, act from mixed motives. The motives of the combatants in this war, as variously imputed to them by friends and foes, may be described as follows:

The motive of Austria, partly an indignant resolve to punish Servia for a supposed conspiracy leading to the assassination of the Austrian Prince, partly an ambition to annex Servia to the Austrian Empire, as Bosnia and Herzegovina had been previously annexed, partly a desire to secure a port on the Ægean Sea for the development of Austrian commerce.

The motive of Servia, to preserve her national existence and perhaps to add to her national power and prestige by annexing Bosnia and Herzegovina.

The motive of Russia, partly to protect her kin in the Balkan States from the Austrians, partly to secure for herself, if any partition of the Balkan States results from the war, a share in that partition and a long-desired access to the Mediterranean.

The motive of Germany, partly to aid her Germanic ally in her punitive expedition against Servia, partly to secure through Austria and Servia access to the Ægean and the Mediterranean, partly to protect herself from an apprehended invasion by Russia and a possible attack from France.

The motive of Belgium, to preserve her neutrality against the invasion of Germany.

The motive of France, partly to aid Belgium in her just war of defense, partly to defend herself against the invasion threatened by Germany, partly to recover for herself the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine taken from her by Germany in the Franco-German War.

The motive of England, partly to protect the neutrality of Belgium which she had pledged herself to protect, partly to protect France from what she regards as an unjustified attack, and partly to curb what she regards as the ambitious designs of Germany and to maintain the balance of power in Europe.

The motive of Japan, partly to fulfill her pledges to England, partly to get even with Germany for Germany's interference with Japan's possession of the fruits of her victory in her war with China, partly to establish her supremacy in the East, partly to bring about friendly relations with Russia, her old-time enemy, and thus secure for herself peace in her occupation of Korea and Manchuria, partly probably to make a permanent alliance with China by giving that country Kiauchau after having won it from Germany, and partly to get a recognized place in the international councils of the civilized world.

Out of this chaos of conflicting motives it is impossible to construct a purpose common to the Powers on either side. Still less is it possible to deduce the true interpretation and meaning of this war from the declarations of the combatants. Not the catch-words of international diplomacy, but the fundamental and often forgotten currents of history, determine on which side the stars are fighting.

History affords abundant illustration of this truth.

The Napoleonic wars began in an attempt to drive the Bourbon out of France; they ended in an attempt to establish a Napoleonic Empire over Europe. The allies combined to defeat Napoleon and re-establish Bourbonism. But neither Bourbonism nor Napoleonism was established. The Bourbons were dethroned. The leaven of liberty, equality, and fraternity was inserted by the sword in every European kingdom west of Russia. Then the Napoleonic Empire was destroyed and Bourbonism was temporarily restored, but only temporarily; by 1860 not a Bourbon was left on a European throne. Neither the purpose of Napoleon nor the purpose of

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the allies was accomplished. Both were defeated, and constitutional governments, which both abhorred, were established.

The object of Germany in the Franco-German War was to take from France the provinces of Alsace and Lorraine, and by arousing a German national sentiment to perfect the unification of the German Empire. But the overthrow of imperialism in France and the establishment of the Republic of France on a permanent foundation was a result which the rulers neither of France nor of Germany had anticipated or desired.

In our own Civil War the purpose of the South was to establish the supreme sovereignty of the States, and to create a nation founded on slavery as its corner-stone; the purpose of the North was to maintain the Union as it had been and to prevent the extension of slavery, but not to interfere with it where it existed. The issue of the conflict was a new nationalism which neither South nor North had dreamed of, and the abolition of slavery absolutely and forever in every part of the Nation's domain.

"All sovereignty," says Mazzini, "is in God, in the moral law, in the providential design which governs the world;" and he adds that this providential design is "gradually revealed by the inspirations of men of virtuous genius, and by the natural tendency of humanity in the different epochs of its existence."

What do the inspirations of men of virtuous genius and the national tendency of humanity in the nineteenth century indicate as the providential design in the present epoch? What do they indicate as the providential intent and purpose of this war? To these questions there can be but one answer.

In the last hundred years absolutism has been abolished from all western Europe. Italy, Spain, Portugal, France, have been emancipated; constitutional government, in which political power has been transferred from the military autocrat to a popular assembly, has been introduced in every European country west of Russia, and the beginning of constitutional government in Russia itself; Japan has been transformed from a feudal to a democratic State, and China from an Oriental despotism to an experimental republic; in Germany, the most efficient though not the most absolute military power in the world, the radical democratic vote has grown from nothing to four millions and a half. And the common people have everywhere been growing increasingly restless under the burden of an increasing military armament in which "every laborer carries a soldier on his back."

The attack of Austria on Servia was an attack of autocracy on self-government. The guns at Belgrade aroused the slumbering resentment of the people. The refusal of Germany to co-operate with England in securing justice with peace crystallized that resentment into purpose. Germany's flagrant disregard of her solemn pledge to Belgium summoned them to action.

Consider the significance of these following incidents and events:

France and England are democratic.

Belgium has a large democratic element in its population.

Portugal has just passed through a democratic revolution.

Servia by joining her sister states in their war for independence has shrown her passion for self-government.

The common people of Italy, taught in the school of Cavour, Garibaldi, and Mazzini, have prevented Italy from joining Germany and Austria.

Into the Cabinets of both France and Belgium radical Social Democrats have been received, an unexpected recognition of their political influence.

Japan, the one modern state in the East possessing a well-established constitutional government, has cast in her fortunes with the anti-Germanic allies.

The sympathies of the democratic neutral powers—Italy, Switzerland, Holland, the Scandinavian states, and the people of the United States—are unmistakably with the allies.

A bill has been introduced into the Russian Duma for universal education, and a promise of autonomy to the Russian Poles has been made by the Russian Government—a promise that Poland shall be born again, free in her religion and language, and autonomous.

When in a chemical experiment certain molecules by a natural attraction combine, that fact shows that they have something in common. When in such a war as this France, England, Belgium, Servia, Portugal, Japan, and Russia by a natural attraction combine, that fact shows that these various peoples have something in common. We believe that that something in common is a passionate desire for democratic liberty.

The victory of Germany can be no other than a victory for militarism; the victory of the allies no other than a victory for perma-

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nent peace. If Germany wins, she must maintain her armaments, if not increase them; for power obtained by force can be maintained only by force. If Germany is defeated, a diminution of her armaments as a condition of peace may well be demanded by the allied Powers. The victory of free peoples in western Europe will give a new impulse to the cause of freedom in Russia. The Duma, the first parliamentary body Russia ever knew, was a fruit of the Russo-Japanese War. A Duma with the power to make and unmake Ministers and to control the national purse may well be one fruit of this European war.

The result of Germany's victory can be nothing else than a German Empire extending from the North Sea to the Mediterranean and dominating all Europe. The result of Germany's defeat may well include an emancipation of the Slavs in the Austrian Empire; the emancipation of the Poles in Russia, Austria, and Germany; the creation of a self-governing Balkan confederacy; a political revolution in Germany giving the power of the purse and of the sword to the people; and a new development of civil and religious liberty in the slowly awakening Empire of Russia.

The Outlook believes that a Power greater than that of all the warring peoples is directing the purpose of the war. That purpose is the end of military autocracy in Europe.

INDIVIDUAL NEUTRALITY

The President has issued an admirable message to his countrymen urging the maintenance of a pacific spirit. The effect of the war upon the United States, he says, will depend upon what American citizens say and do. It is of the utmost importance that they be governed in their individual action by a spirit of impartiality, fairness, and friendliness to all concerned. It is inevitable that there should be the utmost variety of sympathy and desire among a people drawn, as our people are so largely drawn, from the nations now at war. It will be easy to excite passion and difficult to allay it. It is therefore important that we be impartial in thought as well as in action, and put a curb upon our sentiments as well as upon every transaction that might be construed as a preference for either party to the struggle.

We heartily sympathize with the aim and spirit of the President's message. There is, however, a difference between National neutrality and individual neutrality which in the interest of clear thinking cannot be ignored. Individual neutrality is scarcely less important than National neutrality; but they are not the same.

Neutrality for the Nation means absolute equality in our Government's dealings with the warring Powers. Whatever the feelings of the people, in its official action the Government must know no difference between England, France, Russia, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Servia, and Japan.

Neutrality in the individual does not mean absolute equality in feeling for the different warring nations; it does not mean indifference. It is impossible that the German-American, the Austrian-American, the Russian-American, or the French-American can be indifferent. How can a Pole living in America be indifferent to the issue of a war which may determine for his beloved but unhappy land whether it shall be free or not?

Neutrality in the individual does not mean silence. It does not mean that the individual shall not be free to discuss, in private speech and public address, the meaning of this war, the moral issues involved in it, and the probable results of it.

It does mean that American citizens shall not attempt to influence the action of the Government in favor of or against any party to this war. It does mean that they shall not attempt to breed in the public mind hostility to England, Germany, France, Russia, Japan. It does mean that such an appeal as that of the German-American Chamber of Commerce to Governor Johnson against the Japanese sets an example to be universally avoided.

It does mean that every individual should keep an open mind; that he should judge actions but not impute motives; and that he should be ready to see and to praise virtues in those whose course he regards as hostile to his deepest desires and to the best interest of the world.

It does mean that every individual in every utterance, printed or spoken, public or private, should remember that the feelings of his neighbor are as highly wrought as his own; that public debate should never degenerate into public dispute; and that it is for us, not only as a nation, but as a people, "to exhibit the fine poise of undisturbed judgment and the dignity of self-control."

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Current Events Pictorially Treated

HOTOGRAPH BY UNDERWOOD & UNDERWOOD

KING ALBERT OF BELGIUM

One of the formerly inconspicuous Continental figures forced into the forefront of history during the few past weeks is that of the King of the Belgians, who has taken the field with the forces which stubbornly resisted the invading German armies. King Albert is in his fortieth year; he is the nephew of the late King, Leopold II, who died in 1909. In 1900 Albert married the Duchess Elizabeth of Bavaria; he has three children

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PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN FRENCH, COMMANDER OF THE BRITISH FORCES IN BELGIUM

General French has won special fame as a cavalry leader; he took a prominent part in the Boer War, both in the relief of Kimberley and in the capture of Pretoria. He was born in 1852, and his early training was for the navy

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READING THE MOBILIZATION PROCLAMATION IN LONDON

The King's proclamation mobilizing the British forces was read, according to ancient custom, by the common crier, in front of the Royal Exchange. Probably London has not seen such excitement since the days of the Boer War

PHOTOGRAPH BY INTERNATIONAL NEWS SERVICE

ENGLISH TROOPS LEAVING FOR THE FRONT

An aeroplane propeller in its case is seen strapped to the side of the motor truck

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PHOTOGRAPH BY BROWN BROTHERS

KAISER WILHELM AND HIS CHIEF OF STAFF, COUNT VON MOLTKE

This photograph was taken on the field during recent maneuvers of the German army

PHOTOGRAPH BY PAUL THOMPSON

GENERAL JOFFRE, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FRENCH ARMIES

The French Commander-in-Chief is a man of about sixty-five ; he served in the Franco-Prussian War, commanding a battery of artillery at the age of eighteen; he has

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TRAINING GERMAN RED CROSS NURSES TO PREPARE FOOD FOR THE WOUNDED

The horrors of the wars which have devastated the Continent in other centuries are, it is to be hoped, to be mitigated to a large extent in the present conflict by the labors of the Red Cross Societies of many nations. Women are probably participating in this war as organized helpers of the suffering in greater numbers than ever before in history

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FROM THE ST. LOUIS REPUBLIC

THE PIED PIPER

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ROM THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE

THE INNOCENT BYSTANDER

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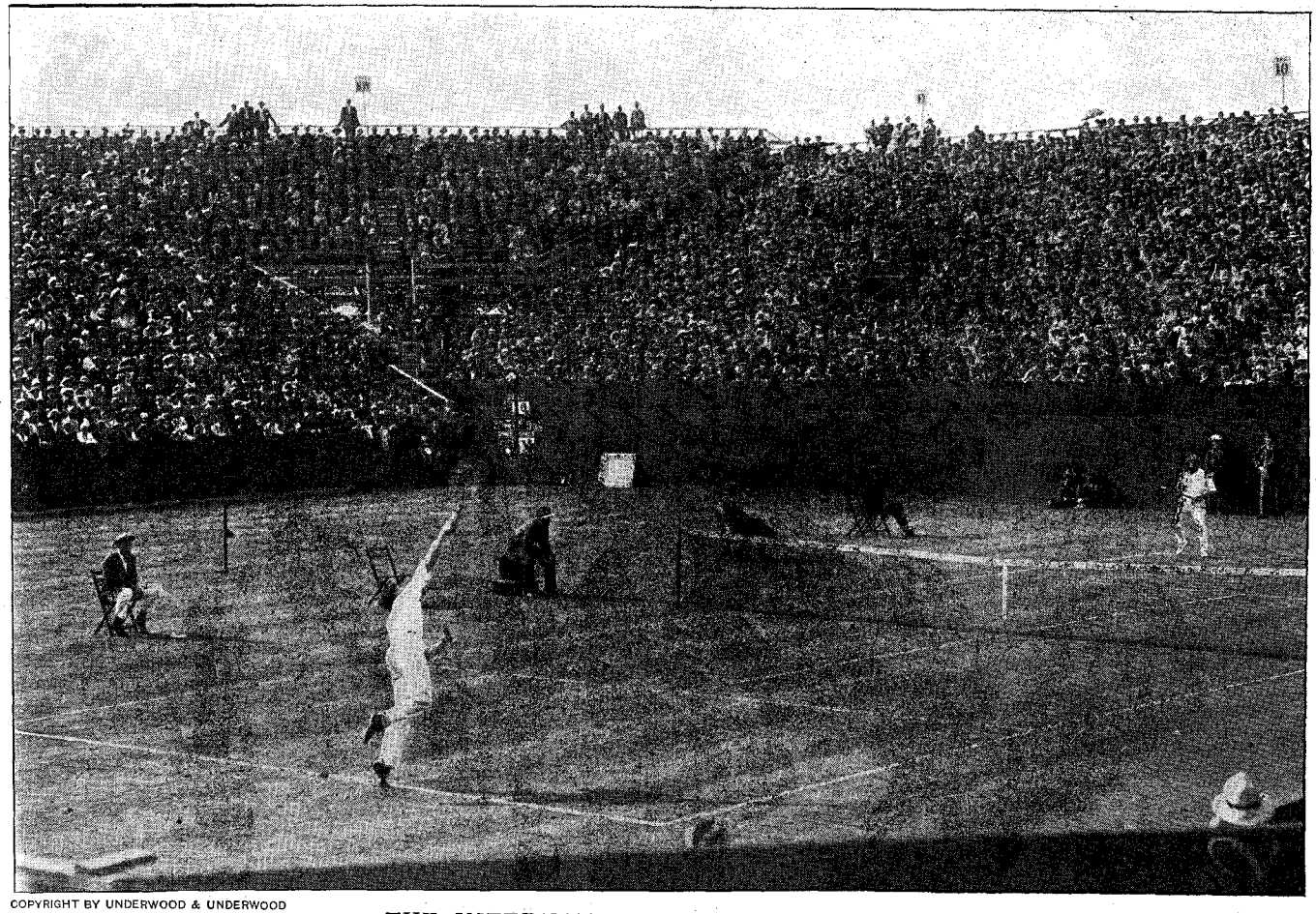

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THE INTERNATIONAL TENNIS CONTEST

Norman E. Brookes, of Australia, and Maurice E. McLoughlin, of California, on August 13, at Forest Hills, Long Island, played the longest set on record for an international match, the American winning by the score of 17-15, and the match by 17-15, 6-3, 6-3. The greatest crowd, it is reported, that ever paid admission to see a tennis match watched this contest. While McLoughlin's individual record in this series places him at the head of the world's players of tennis, the Davis Cup was won by the Australasian team.

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USING MAGAZINES IN HISTORY CLASSES

BY J. MADISON GATHANY, A.M.

HEAD OF THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT, HOPE STREET HIGH SCHOOL, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

MAGAZINES have been used in my history classes for the last three years. The use of magazines in schools is a movement yet in its infancy; but I am fully convinced that no other recent movement has such possibilities for effective and intelligent citizenship.

In choosing the several magazines coming to our school the following points have determined the choice: (1) the use of precise and exact English; (2) clearness and definiteness of presentation; (3) unquestioned scholarship; (4) painstaking care in giving to its readers only trustworthy and authoritative information; (5) lack of partisanship; (6) an aggressive policy for public good; and (7) its power and purpose to arouse public conscience.

It may not be out of place for me to remark that, in my opinion, The Outlook meets these seven requirements better than any other magazine that I know of. The avidity with which my pupils seize The Outlook upon its arrival and its thumb-worn condition at the end of the week indicate that it is the most popular and useful magazine among our students.

If all school authorities and teachers knew the great good that can be done by the use of magazines in classes, not a single school board in the United States would fail to make financial provision for their utilization. Unless one observes the practical results of such work or makes use of such magazines himself, he will give this very important educational matter slight attention. There are two chief reasons why superintendents and principals do not more strongly advocate the use of magazines in schools: teachers have not demonstrated that pupils can be held down to definite preparation in such work, and they have not shown that the results would justify the expense and the change in curriculum and methods. The function of this article is twofold: first, to show that definite preparation can be secured; and, second, to show that the results do justify the expense and change.

How can pupils be held down to definite preparation when they use magazines as textbooks? For lasting results, it will never do simply to ask or tell pupils to read a news item, an editorial, or a magazine article. We have tried several methods with most excellent results.

METHOD ONE

Have each pupil hand in an outline upon the subject which he has chosen or which has been assigned to him, arranged as follows:

I. Topic: Interlocking Directorates.
II. References:
  1. The Outlook (date and page).
  2. The "Literary Digest" (date and page).
  3. The "American Review of Reviews" (date and page).
  4. The "World's Work" (date and page).
III. Outline Points:
  A. Reasons why directorates interlock.
  B. Evils of interlocking directorates.
  C. How to unlock interlocking directorates.
  D. Criticisms of the President's attitude.
    1. Unfavorable.
    2. Favorable.

Under each sub-heading following III the pupils are required to present *definite, concrete* information, each different point being numbered. No outline is acceptable which is made up of general statements only. The teacher should ask different pupils to give to the class the results of their study, and the members of the class ought to take notes in a current history note-book while the reports are being given. The class should be held responsible by examination on what is reported to them. Such work calls for thoughtful reading and careful analysis.

METHOD TWO

Require the class to keep in a current events note-book a weekly digest of at least ten events for *each* week. Have them arrange this work according to this plan:

I. Local Events (in the town, city, or State).
  A. Name of the event.
    1. Reference.
    2. Summary of the event.
  B. (Arrange as under A).
  C. (Arrange as under A).
  D. (Arrange as under A).

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II. National Events.
(Arrange A, B, and C as under I).
III. International and Foreign Events.
(Arrange as Under I).

Is it not obvious how students can be held down to definite preparation when asked to do their work according to this outline?

METHOD THREE

Excuse four or five pupils from studying a given daily lesson in history, and ask them to report on some assigned topic, giving to each a different magazine reference. When the class assembles, give it a fifteen or twenty minute test on the lesson assigned in the text-book, and then call for the special reports. See that as a result of the class work all have in note-books a uniform outline constructed of main topics furnished by the teacher (only so far as necessary) and sub-topics furnished by those reporting. When this method is used, there is no cessation of the daily assignments of the text-book material, and the class gets in touch with current history.

METHOD FOUR

Have the class follow a very important local, National, or international topic for several weeks, the teacher suggesting the headings under which the class is to organize the material. One illustration of this method will serve. Take the Mexican situation.

A. The leading facts of Mexican history up to President Wilson's Administration. (This serves as background work.)

B. Wilson's Mexican policy.
1. What it is.
2. Favorable criticisms.
3. Unfavorable criticisms.
4. What would you do?

C. A daily tabulation of the important events while the topic is being followed.

D. An enumeration of the things learned about international affairs and how they are handled.

E. An enumeration of the things learned about National affairs.
1. The President and his powers.
2. The Congress and its powers.
3. The militia and the navy.

METHOD FIVE. TESTS AND EXAMINATIONS

A. *Daily tests* on current events. On every current event day the class should be held to some definite test on the work assigned. The following daily test questions will show how a class can be held to definite preparation and results:

1. Name three local events. Which one do you think the most important? Give reasons.
2. Give the names of several National events. Write an *editorial* of about one hundred words on any one of them.
3. State definitely what you have learned about international and foreign affairs this week.

B. *Examinations* on current problems. Every four or five weeks a thoroughgoing examination should be given on the work covered. The following examination was given to one of my classes recently:

1. Discuss the following current problems:
   (*a*) The literacy test for immigrants.
   (*b*) The problem of rural credits.
   (*c*) President Wilson's trust policy.
2. Home Rule for Ireland.
   (*a*) Reasons why Ulster objects.
   (*b*) Reasons why Ireland favors it.
3. Name six or seven other current events discussed in class, and comment on any two of them in such a way as to show an intelligent appreciation of the topics.
4. Give several arguments for and several against President Wilson's Mexican policy.
5. Reasons why high school pupils should study current problems.

Has not enough evidence been given to prove that pupils can be held down to as definite preparation in the study of magazines as in the study of text-books? With this point settled, one of the most serious objections to the study of current events in schools has been met.

What can be said about results—the true test of every study in the school curriculum? I shall mention some of the more fundamental educational values in the study of current problems through the magazines. My own experience in doing such work with my classes has led me to the following conclusions:

1. Such a use of magazines shows our young people the material and process of history-making. It is nothing short of revelation to the young mind to find that history is not a matter of the past only, but is in the making; that the roots of the problems of to-day extend far into the years back of us; and that no civilized nation, as no individual, lives unto itself.

2. This kind of study also furnishes a most excellent way of studying civics. Facts

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learned from a text-book are soon forgotten. Ask yourself. But when pupils see just how town meetings, city councils, State legislatures, national congresses, and rulers handle public affairs and problems as they arise, the practical facts of civics become a permanent part of their intellectual life.

3. Work of this kind among the twenty millions who attend our schools and colleges gives them things really worth talking about, and correlates the work of the class-room more truly with life. School subjects are usually so far removed from life that many of our students lose interest in attending school and drop out. The barrenness and worthlessness of the conversation of pupils after they have spent from eight to sixteen years in our schools are humiliating.

4. Such a use of magazines furnishes our students with a *modern* vocabulary. This the average young person lacks. It is too fundamental a matter to neglect longer. Our boys and girls have not kept up with the growth of our vocabulary. Most pupils do little serious reading outside their text-books, and these usually leave off about the time pupils were born. As a result, they are out of touch with current thought and expression. This is one reason why almost all of our citizens from fifteen to twenty years of age do not read, much less enjoy, such magazines as The Outlook, the "Literary Digest," the "American Review of Reviews," and the "World's Work." If the reader is inclined to think this point overemphasized, let him attempt to find out how thoroughly the average student understands and uses correctly common modern social, economic, and political terms, and he will be convinced of the truth and importance of my contention.

5. A consistent and intelligent use of magazines in our schools helps to cultivate intelligent reading and tends to the formation of a liking for good reading. There is no question about this. It has been proved time and time again. Our schools could in the course of a few years do much in contributing to the real happiness and usefulness of millions. This result should be the aim of our public school system, maintained by the public at an expense of about $500,000,000 each year.

6. Studying magazines in our schools aids greatly in developing intellectual honesty on the part of the future voter. We are a Nation of partisans yet, and the average father still desires his children to be of his political faith. The rising generations are brought up with narrow and prejudiced ideas about public men and institutions. Our schools have a wonderful opportunity to widen the views of young citizens in getting them to see more clearly, think more honestly, and judge men and movements more truly than has the average man in the past.

7. This use of magazines helps our young people to understand the important problems of our time, and does much in preparing them to aid in the solution of the problems of the future years. Such a study provides an intelligent basis for forming sound and trustworthy judgments on contemporaneous movements, institutions, and leaders.

The very best way of finding out how much real good the study of current problems through the magazines does students is to let them answer for themselves. Recently I asked all of the pupils in my classes that are studying magazines to give reasons why they should study current problems through such a medium. Among the many answers I found the following, which are here given almost verbatim:

It makes me think, whether I want to or not.

It awakens an interest in public matters.

It makes us see both sides of a question.

It puts one on his guard as to the policy of different magazines. This he would not know unless a magazine were followed rather consistently and compared with what other magazines have to say on the same questions.

If we had not taken up the study of different subjects in the magazines, I would have been added to the list of those who allow others to do their thinking for them.

Such a study has opened up a new field of interest and thought for me.

It leads to an intelligent appreciation and opinion of the topics of the day.

It lays the foundation for intelligent, nonpartisan voting in the future.

It shows the advancement made in government, art, literature, science, and international relations.

Such a study teaches us to think fairly and broad-mindedly.

We find out much about the beliefs of the different parties and party leaders, and thus we become interested in political discussions.

It is a valuable training for the citizens of to-morrow, and teaches one to be honest in his beliefs about public men, public questions, and magazines.

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It is particularly beneficial to the foreign element attending our schools, as it gives them an opportunity to form an intelligent opinion of their own about important public matters.

It lets us know who our leading men are, and why they believe as they do.

It not only keeps us informed as to what is going on, but it makes us feel that it is our duty to find out what is going on in our city, State, Nation, and among the nations.

It reveals the needs of our city, State, and Nation.

It pleases my parents when they see that I am able to talk intelligently about something worth while instead of fashions and parties.

It offers to each pupil a chance to express his own opinion.

Since we began our study of current problems there has been a big difference in the topics discussed in our home.

Now I can read the news columns, editorials, and magazine articles with intelligence and delight.

We are always eager to see the latest newspaper and magazine and notice the development of the questions we have talked over in class.

The author of this article sincerely hopes that the great number of school superintendents, principals, and teachers who read The Outlook will see the far-reaching influence of such a use of magazines and the great good that can be done thereby. A few dollars spent for magazines each year by every school committee in the United States would greatly transform the thinking, the conversation, and the reading habits of the millions who yearly receive education through our schools, would lead to greater civic devotion to the common good, and would educate our future voting citizens in public spirit.

THE KEEPER OF THE GATE[1]

BY HERMANN HAGEDORN

CHARACTERS: *Rachel. Stephen. A Shadow in a Gray Cowl.*

SCENE. *A dingy garret in a great city, all vastness and shadows. At left, a table with a burning candle; at right, a bed; between them, elevated on a packing-case, a clothes-basket used as a crib. Huge beams and cobwebs in the slanting ceiling; at left, back, a door. The scene is mysterious, unreal.*

As the curtain rises, RACHEL, *a woman in the early twenties, dark-haired, slender, pale, is discovered standing in the doorway. She is speaking to some one outside in a strained voice that tries hard to be cheerful.*

Rachel. Don't be afraid, doctor. I've never been able to cultivate the convenient trick of fainting away when things begin to get unpleasant. Besides, as I told you, I don't agree with you. You are a very wise man in your way, but we mothers learn a wisdom that may possibly be as potent as yours. Thank you for your desire to help. Good-by.

(*A door closes on the landing.* RACHEL, *feeling the tension relax, gives a little sob and leans an instant against the wall. Then, controlling herself quickly, she runs to the crib.*)

My babe, my wee, sweet baby! (*Her voice breaks.*) Oh, my babe!

(*The child whimpers faintly.* RACHEL *takes him in her arms and rocks him very gently to and fro.*)

Does he want his mother, the wee baby? Well, he shall have her. Rock-a-by, baby, on the tree-top. Sleep, my sweetheart. (*With a sob*) Oh, sleep, sleep! If you will only sleep, my darling, wee baby! You will be well soon if you will only sleep.

(*She sings softly.*)

"Sleep, sleep! Who sleeps when the night comes?
Hare in his hole and bird in his nest.
Babe, babe, sleep till the light comes,
Close, close to your mother's breast.

Sleep, sleep! Who wakes when the night comes?
Mother sings, though her poor heart breaks.
And hand in her hand all night till the light comes,

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Close, close at her side, God wakes.

Sleep, sleep! God comes when the night comes,
Soft, soft through the starry throngs.
Sleep! For if mother drowse ere the light comes,
God, her comrade, will sing you his songs."

Oh, darling, if you would only sleep! Cry or whimper even if you can't sleep. But don't lie there so quiet! My little boy's cheeks are so hot! Did he hear what the doctor said, and did it make him angry that a big man should come and tell his mother that any one could take her boy away from her? Mother is not angry, sweetheart. The big man just doesn't know that you and I have angels round us, hundreds of 'em. (*Passionately*) Oh, I know, I know. I can't be afraid! (*She bends over the crib, with a little sob.*) But oh, babe, if you would only sleep!

(*She takes the child in her arms and walks up and down the room.*)

Pretty soon your daddy will be coming home, and you must be well then. Pretty soon, baby. Maybe to-day, or to-morrow, or in a week or a month, but pretty soon. We must be sure of that! Oh, he couldn't forget us long, could he? Not for all the beautiful dreams and songs in all the world. Go to sleep, baby. The doctor lied to us. You're not going to die! Oh, you're so white!

(*She lays the child quickly into the basket, and starts chafing his hands.*)

Your dear paddies! They're so cold. There! That'll help, dear. See, they're getting pinker already. Don't be afraid. Mummie's right here with you. There! Now sleep. Only sleep.

(*Stephen enters with quick, elated steps. He is a man of thirty, with slender figure and bright, eager eyes.*)

Stephen (*at the door, softly*). Rachel!

Rachel (*staring into space*). Stephen!

Stephen (*coming forward*). Rachel, I'm back!

Rachel (*without turning*). Oh, how could you do it?

Stephen. Won't you shake hands? (*With childlike disappointment*) I was so happy to be back! Everything's been singing in me all day long.

Rachel (*giving him her hand limply*). You child! That you should have been singing to-day! Oh, Stephen! How could you desert us so? Three months!

Stephen. Desert? I did not desert you!

Rachel. Yes, Stephen.

Stephen. You knew why I went. I was upon a quest. God drew me.

Rachel (*bending over the crib*). God!

Stephen. Don't have utter contempt for me. A dream possessed me. I had to be alone to work it out. I left you money—all the money I had in the bank, enough to keep you a year, two years.

Rachel. Stephen, that bank failed.

Stephen (*with sudden understanding*). Oh, my girl!

Rachel. Two months ago. Since then we have just escaped starvation. I sewed and I washed. Oh, how could you do it?

Stephen. Look at me. Not a stony face like that. You *must* forgive me. I wasn't happy away from you. Do you think I was happy? I had to hold myself down by main force not to fly back to you a hundred times. But I had made up my mind to finish my work so that I might bring you some achievement at last after my years of failure. It was for you and the boy I was working. Oh, believe me!

Rachel (*with a faintly ironic smile*). I am glad you thought of us so much.

Stephen (*with a ring of elation in his tones*). And, Rachel, I have succeeded! The days of failure are over.

Rachel (*quietly*). I am glad. It must give you great satisfaction.

Stephen. Don't stare at me as if I were a stranger. Open your heart, Rachel! I have succeeded! Don't you understand what it means? It means that the old days of living from hand to mouth are over. I've written a great play, and it's been accepted. (*He takes out a wallet and shows her a mass of bills.*) Advance royalties! Look, look, Rachel!

Rachel (*with a whimsical smile*). Funny things, aren't they? What does one do with them?

Stephen. I am going to take you and the boy to the country. We'll go to-morrow. To the mountains or the seashore, anywhere you say.

Rachel (*after a pause*). Stephen, I didn't tell you. The boy hasn't been quite well.

Stephen. You're so white. It's—it's—

Rachel (*quickly*). No, no, it's nothing what you mean. Just a cold, and poor food, and—

Stephen (*in low tones*). Because you starved.

Rachel. I'm afraid so, Stephen.

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Stephen (*with childlike hopefulness*). But now he will get well soon. His daddy'll help take care of him now. (*Elated again*) And I've got a fortune in my pocket. Five hundred dollars! Why, it'll buy him the stars!

Rachel (*on the verge of tears*). I'm afraid. Oh, I'm afraid you—may be too—late.

Stephen (*sinking into a chair*). How too late? What is it? Why too late?

Rachel (*in a low, steady, lifeless voice*). Pneumonia. The doctor said he could not possibly live till morning.

Stephen. My fault!

Rachel. You must not blame yourself too much. It is my fault, too. I should have trusted more and been less rebellious. Then I should have had more strength for him.

Stephen (*leaping to his feet*). What can I do? What can I do? I can't sit here idle and let him die!

Rachel. Hope with me.

Stephen. Hope? In what?

Rachel (*breathlessly, with eyes half closed*). I don't know. Perhaps—just in love. Oh, Stephen, I need you, I need you!

Stephen. Oh, and can you ever forgive me?

Rachel. Forgive? Oh, Stephen, I love you so, I forgave you from the first. Even when I needed you most I forgave you, I loved you so much.

Stephen. Rachel, Rachel, I think I never knew you before!

Rachel. Oh, this cannot, cannot be the end, when it is just a beginning! If the boy can only sleep, he will live, Stephen! If he can only sleep. (*She bends over the crib again.*) Oh, those wide-open eyes!

(*A draught makes the candle-flame suddenly flicker.* RACHEL *cries out.*)

Stephen, what was that?

(*The candle flickers more violently.* RACHEL *gives a shriek, the panic of premonition in her cry.*)

Stephen! (*The candle goes out.*) Stephen! Where are you, Stephen? I am afraid!

Stephen. Here I am, here. I'm just getting a match.

Rachel. Oh, be quick! I am afraid!

(*Stephen strikes a match. Rachel gives a cry of horror.*)

What was that? There in the corner! Something—

Stephen (*as he strikes another match, and lights the candle*). Nothing, dearest. The flicker of the shadows. Dear Heaven, your face is so white! What is it—there?

Rachel. Look! Don't you see it? There by the bed! A gray thing, all shadows. It's coming toward me, it's coming toward my baby! Chase it away, Stephen!

Stephen. Oh, sweetheart, there's nothing there. Only shadows.

Rachel. Living shadows. (*She half chokes. Then in a strained voice she cries.*) Who are you?

The Shadow (*speaking in a grave, musical, kindly voice*). I am he who goes up and down the streets at night putting out the lights.

Rachel. Stephen, do you hear him speak?

Stephen. No one spoke, sweetheart.

Rachel. Why do you want to put out my light?

The Shadow. It is time to go to bed.

Rachel (*edging nearer the crib as if to protect it*). I am not tired.

The Shadow. No. But your child. He is very tired and he cannot sleep.

Rachel (*eagerly*). Sleep. Ah, yes. Sleep.

Stephen (*in frightened tones*). Rachel, whom are you speaking to?

Rachel (*her eyes fixed on the Shadow as she silences Stephen with a faint gesture*). But, oh, not—more than sleep.

The Shadow. Death.

Rachel (*with a cry*). No, no!

Stephen (*clutching her hand*). Rachel!

The Shadow (*drawing closer*). Are you afraid to speak the word? Then you must learn courage. For you are face to face with Death.

Rachel (*standing beside the crib, in protection, her eyes half closed, as though she were praying*). God—God—God—

The Shadow. Women have prayed before, and it has not availed them.

Rachel. I was not praying. I was only telling my heart not to forget that love is stronger than Death.

The Shadow (*drawing closer*). Women have said that before, and still has Death conquered.

Rachel (*in low, clear tones*). Stand back, Death! Not so close.

The Shadow (*drawing slowly nearer*). I come.

Rachel (*still softly*). Stand back!

The Shadow (*drawing yet nearer*). Poor little mother! Still I come.

Rachel (*raising her arms suddenly with a spiritual vehemence as though her soul had burst into flame*). I tell you, Death, stand back!

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The Shadow (*recoiling a step*). Little mother, who gave you a flaming sword?

Rachel (*softly*). I had it from Him who gave me my child.

The Shadow. Other women have drawn it, and it has not availed them. Death is strong, and when he comes he will not be gainsaid.

Rachel (*afraid but resolute*). I, too, am strong.

The Shadow (*slowly, distinctly*). Give me your child.

Rachel. No, no! I will not, I will not! Stephen!

Stephen. Oh, my darling, you are dreaming a terrible dream.

Rachel. Dream. Yes, yes.

The Shadow. Give him to me.

Rachel (*pleadingly*). He is mine! My love gave him life, my body suffered for him, my blood nourished him, my tears woke his sleeping heart. Out among the stars he cried for a mother. I answered, and he made his home with me. I cannot let him go back to wander lonely among the stars.

The Shadow (*again drawing nearer*). It is beautiful among the stars, little mother. There is no twilight there nor night, there is no wind to cut into his soul, no storm to bewilder his wayfaring.

Rachel. Oh, tempter!

The Shadow. He shall have fairies for his companions—moon-fairies to lead him romping through the chiming gardens of the angels.

Rachel. Gardens!

The Shadow. They shall gather berries together and sing, and their singing shall be so clear and glad that the stars shall step from their thrones to listen.

Rachel (*turning away as from temptation as she lays a protecting arm over the crib*). I want him here.

The Shadow (*approaching*). Oh, selfish mother! What can *you* give that will not be gall upon his lips?

Rachel (*supplicating*). Oh, Death, I can give love.

The Shadow. What is your love? An hour, a day, a year, he is yours. But he will go from your hands, and the world will give him no honey to eat. He will suffer, and you will have no balm for him; he will strive and fail, and you will stand beside him with bleeding heart and helpless brain. (*He spreads out his arms.*) Give him to me. The gifts I have are better than yours.

Rachel (*bending close over the crib*). I will not give him up. I have loved him too much. I have been father and mother to him. With these hands I have earned the food that kept him alive. My mate had no bread for him, but I had bread. And now that my mate has come back to me again, and heaven is opening for us, I will not let you close the door in our faces.

The Shadow. Stand aside, woman.

Rachel (*almost covering the crib with her body*). No, no! I have suffered too much. I will not see heaven now, and lose it. I will not suffer this.

The Shadow (*laughing scornfully*). Heaven! What heaven is there here?

Rachel. The love of my mate and my child. And the open hills, where he shall grow strong and brave and pure.

The Shadow. Woman, do you think you can hold a man who is possessed of a dream?

Rachel (*with a cry of horror*). Oh!

Stephen (*sinking on his knees beside her*). Rachel, Rachel, what is it?

The Shadow. He loves you now, but he who deserted you once will desert you again. What then of your fatherless boy?

Rachel. He will have *me*. I have enough love for father and mother both.

The Shadow (*bending over her*). You will starve, you will sicken, you will die.

Rachel (*looking straightly and steadily into the shrouded face*). Do you think you can frighten me with that? What am I?

The Shadow. Your child will live among strangers.

Rachel (*brave, though with faltering voice*). They will love him.

The Shadow. He will not even know your name nor remember the laughing of your lips.

Rachel. What am I that he should?

The Shadow. He will call another woman mother, and kiss her, smiling, when you are a phantom crying in the desert of space. (*With sudden fierceness*) Aside, woman!

Rachel (*looking up with shining face*). Death, you fool! (*She laughs softly and happily.*) You fool! To think that I would care!

The Shadow (*drawing back, awestruck*). Woman, are you all love?

Rachel. Go!

The Shadow. Woman, who made you?

Rachel. Go!

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The Shadow. Woman, who made your face a flame?

Rachel (*drawing herself up, yet always with one protecting arm over the crib*). Go, Death. There is no room for you here.

The Shadow (*raising his arm under the heavy cowl, as if to shield his eyes from a blinding light as he retreats*). Little mother, you make me afraid. What have you done to my strength?

(*The words die out in silence. The Shadow has disappeared.*)

Rachel (*lifting her arms exultantly*). God—God—God! (*Laughing and sobbing she sinks over the crib.*)

Stephen (*gazing awestruck into her face*). Rachel, where have you been?

Rachel. The boy! The boy! He is breathing so deeply. Stephen, look! He is asleep.

THE NEWSPAPERS AND THE YACHT RACES

BY FRANK B. ELSER

One deprivation caused by war to Americans is the postponement of the Anglo-American yacht race for the America's Cup. The following article, of course, was written before that postponement was decided upon. Its interest, however, lies in the glimpse it gives of newspaper methods in reporting international races; and the capital stories Mr. Elser tells of queer experiences in the past would be entertaining reading at any time, race or no race.—THE EDITORS.

SHORTLY before eleven o'clock one September morning a young man whose face was flushed with excitement stood on the sand at Highland Beach, New Jersey, intently watching the inflation of a big captive balloon. About his waist was strapped a telegrapher's outfit. When all was ready, he climbed into the basket, waved to a small group of onlookers, and the gas bag shot upward. As it rose, a wire could be seen depending from the basket.

This was nineteen years ago—in 1895. The occupant of the balloon was a combination operator-reporter, and he was being sent aloft by a New York evening newspaper to cover the races off Sandy Hook for the America's Cup between the American yacht Defender and the British challenger Valkyrie III.

Such use of a balloon was an innovation, and the newspaper was proud of its enterprise. There was not in those days the handy wireless from press boat to shore, and the newspaper figured that its aerial observer would put a decided crimp in the shore-station men. Though equipped with marine glasses, these men would have to combat an offending horizon; the reporter in the balloon could make his own. His craft was to be sent up two thousand feet, if necessary, and the wire from the basket, connecting below with a telegraph line direct to the newspaper office, would remain intact.

Certainly it seemed to be an ideal arrangement. As the beach slipped away from the young man in the balloon, he leaned over the side to make sure his wire wasn't getting tangled, then he settled down for the ticklish job ahead, or, if you choose, below. The balloon was well up by now, the plaything of an off-shore breeze. Gently it began to compose circles, much after the manner of a small boy's top running down.

It did this a number of times—so many times, in fact, that the reporter lost count. As it rose higher and higher, the gyrations became wider and wider. The reporter began to feel mighty queer. Still he was game. He clutched the side of the basket with one hand and began feebly to telegraph with the other. His first message ran something like this:

"The balloon of the Evening '——' is now ascending. I am slightly seasick."

The message was received in editorial offices tense with excitement. It met with instant response.

"Never mind your personal feelings," wired back the editor in charge of the story. "Give us something about the yachts."

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But the reporter could not; he was too sick.

Anchored as it was, the balloon became more erratic, and its gyrations could not be controlled. It was hauled back to earth and the white-faced occupant was half lifted out of the basket.

Thus ended the first and only attempt to report an international yacht race from a balloon. Yet in chronicling the contests the rivalry among the newspapers and press associations—particularly the press associations—is keener than ever. Balloons, carrier pigeons, wigwag signals, intelligent, keen-eyed men with powerful marine glasses, have in the past all played their part in what at times has been a newspaper comedy. In staging the comedy a fortune has been spent. The Associated Press alone spends nearly $1,000 a day covering the races.

In 1901 the wireless was first used, but with no great success. In 1903—when Reliance beat Shamrock III—the wireless was again called into play, but with laughable results, which I shall explain later. In 1914 the Federal Government stepped in and took charge of the situation, and the rule was made that only one wireless instrument was to be worked during the races, with Uncle Sam the sender.

Since the year 1851, when the America beat the Aurora around the Isle of Wight, there have been twelve fruitless invasions by the English to take back the America's Cup. This year's contest makes the thirteenth, and the fourth for Sir Thomas Lipton. The cup incidentally is not a cup at all, for it has no bottom. Because of this no toasts could be drunk from it, as from the polo trophy.

It is silver and cost originally sixty guineas. In the struggle for it challengers and defenders are said to have spent something over six million dollars—a sum equal to the bonded debt of the State of Missouri. This money, which goes for the best yachts the best designers can build and for crews to man them, is quite apart from the thousands poured out by the newspapers and press associations every time a cup-hunter shows himself at the Sandy Hook course. Men must be trained for the reportorial work, steam yachts and tugs must be chartered, land stations selected and prepared, special telegraph wires installed. Finally comes the execution, or the attempted execution, of some highly original plan, evolved around a managing editor's desk, to get the news and get it first.

With ample and well-regulated wireless facilities, the 1914 race seemed for a time a comparatively simple affair. But when it was decided that only one press boat should accompany the racers, that the wireless should be under Government supervision, and that by it only the briefest bulletins were to be sent, the situation was found to be about what it was in the past.

Cup-racers do not skirt the beach. The farther off-shore a race is sailed, the more consistent the wind and tide and the truer the test of the yachts. And every mile they go from shore the harder it is to get correct reports of their movements for afternoon papers. Starting at 11 A.M., wind and wave permitting, the races must be finished within a time limit of five hours. This makes each race strictly an afternoon-paper story, "breaking" at a time when split seconds count. The English and Continental newspapers and news services, many of which have special writers on the job, must likewise have lightning service, and for this reason an Atlantic cable has on occasion been raised and cut off the Hook, and the progress of the Cup race flashed over it simultaneously to London and New York.

From time to time homing pigeons, released from a tug or yacht following the Cup contenders, have been used with considerable success. Years ago a big New York daily first added these birds to its staff. Fog and haze had persisted, checkmating the shore men during the tuning-up contests, and the pigeons were quietly acquired to meet the situation for the big races. An expensive assortment of carriers, presumably with strong homing instincts, was purchased from a bird fancier in Connecticut. In charge of one of the editorial staff, the pigeons were brought to New York and housed for weeks in a coop on the roof of a downtown sky-scraper in order that a deep and abiding affection for their new home might be instilled in them. Every day the office force looked them over and chuckled.

When the day of the first race came, the haze was so thick that from the Highlands of Navesink the yachts were barely discernible at the starting line. The shore men, even with their strong glasses, were up against it. Those on tugs were hardly better off. That is, all those on tugs except three elated young gentlemen in charge of the pigeons heretofore mentioned.

When the yachts rounded the first mark

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after a beat to windward, the men on shore groaned, for they could see nothing. But from the tug on which were the three elated reporters a carrier-pigeon rose. He was an intelligent-looking bird, and on a pink leg, held by an aluminum clasp, he bore a tiny bit of flimsy giving the times of the yachts as they turned the mark. The young men cheered as he took wing.

An hour later a homing pigeon alighted on the coop of a Connecticut fancier, conveying the comforting intelligence that Vigilant had turned the first mark ahead of Valkyrie II. Came another bird, and another, and then another. All bore closely scribbled tidings of Lord Dunraven's unsuccessful attempt to lift the Cup.

It was the shore reporters' pieced-together stories that were printed.

Hardly less heart-breaking than the incident of the errant pigeons was the wireless fiasco of 1903, referred to above. Wireless was a pretty certain quantity then, and the wireless companies, several of which were in the field, promised to revolutionize the service for afternoon papers. It was to be the last word in Cup yacht reporting; nothing was to be left for the morning papers except a rehash. The shore reporter, with his glasses and his keen eyes, was to be relegated to the journalistic junk-heap.

Every big daily that could afford it—and presumably some that couldn't—hired a tug or other craft on which a wireless outfit was installed. Operators were at a premium. That they were a zealous lot, these operators, developments proved conclusively.

In short, everybody tried to send despatches at once. What with the competition of the wireless concerns and the eagerness of the reporters, every man interfered with the other fellow. The result was that the sea air off Sandy Hook was a mess of Hertzian waves consecutively intelligible to nobody.

One dog-in-the-manger of an operator, finding that he could get no results himself, determined to put all rivals out of the running. Every time he heard any race stuff starting up he would cut loose with his heavy sending apparatus and announce defiantly to the world at large: "Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party." Nearly all day long he spread this patriotic slogan generously across the broad Atlantic, swamping the race despatches.

Ten cents a word is charged for wireless sent from a boat to shore in waters around New York. This was the rate paid during the tuning-up contests between Resolute, Defiance, and Vanitie on Long Island Sound, and later on the Sandy Hook course. Rules governing the Cup races proper did not prevail then, and some reporters sent three thousand words a day. The copy came through in fine shape, and afternoon-paper men lamented that the performance could not be duplicated in September. When the Government took charge, however, the word went out that only the leanest bulletins were to go by wireless, all to be copied—unless picked up by unauthorized persons—at the Brooklyn Navy-Yard station, and from there distributed to the newspapers. As is the case at the intercollegiate regattas, revenue cutters patrol the Cup course, and no infringement of the rules regarding wireless or anything else is tolerated.

That the regulations must be observed to the letter was evidenced in 1895, when pleasure craft pretty nearly spoiled the race. At the next contest, in 1899, Rear-Admiral Robley D. Evans appeared on the scene with a batch of torpedo-boats. The rules were not broken.

In view of the regulations holding the wireless to a minimum, the newspapers and press associations have not failed to recognize the importance of the shore men this year. From the official press boat can be expected only the driest skeleton of events—the start, the times the yachts turn the marks, the finish, and any accidents. The running story—that is, all the descriptive matter, and in it the atmosphere—must come via binocular, as always.

Moreover, the shore man must save the day should the wireless fail. This of course refers to the afternoon men. The morning papers need no one on shore. Their reporters on the press boat may take notes leisurely for the carefully prepared and analytical accounts to be printed the next day. To them the bulletin boards and extras in London and New York are of no concern.

But the shore man is the bulwark of the afternoon service. Twelve international Cup races in sixty-three years have not afforded any too much practice, and the man selected for the yachting assignment usually goes in training five months before the first race. He sees the unsparred hull of the defender slide down the ways at the builder's yard while

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March snows are still on the ground. He studies her spars and rigging; he knows the hoist of her sails and their color. Though all sails are popularly supposed to be white, they have their individual tints that, by a trained man, can be distinguished miles away.

The shore reporter must also know the challenger. He meets her when she first appears in her jury rig off Fire Island Light vessel. Every line of her underbody and the set of her sail he studies and compares with the defender, so that the two may not be confused when visual conditions are bad. Every tuning-up trial of the challenger on this side of the water is watched, and as frequently as possible the reporter goes aboard her and talks things over with the British sailing-master. Then, when the two sloops go over the line for the first big match, the reporter knows them just as he knows every nook and cranny in his own room.

Nine miles off the Highlands of Navesink, where the Highlands Light flashes every seven seconds year in and year out, the Cup race is started, and sometimes that is the nearest the shore man ever sees the yachts. A fifteen-mile race to windward or leeward and return may carry the contestants twenty miles away. Yet the shore man's unofficial times seldom vary by more than a few seconds from the times announced by the regatta committee.

Thirteen years ago—on October 4, 1901, to be exact—Shamrock II slipped over the line two seconds ahead of Columbia. The two sloops looked to a shore man, nine miles away, as one. But he timed them precisely. As Shamrock II gave Columbia a time allowance of forty-three seconds, the reporter flashed that the American yacht had won by forty-one seconds. He was exactly right.

Mistakes have been made, of course, most of them funny—afterward. Once upon a time an afternoon paper had fifteen men posted along the New Jersey and Long Island shores. Every movement of the yachts was to be recorded. Things worked without a hitch until one day the sloops were sent on a fifteen-mile beat to windward, southeast of the starting line. One of the fifteen reporters was at Long Branch, on the Jersey shore; another—a police headquarters man normally—was perched on the roof of a hotel at Long Beach, Long Island. He had been pressed into service in an emergency, and he was considerably worked up over it. For two weeks he had culled over a yachting manual to acquire a working vocabulary. He would show the office that he knew something besides cops.

He did. His story, two thousand words of it, smacked of brine and spray. It was prompt, and his description of the behavior of the yachts was detailed. Apparently he was ahead of everybody. Finally, as a lead to the story, came a smashing bulletin with the times the boats turned the outer mark. It was rushed to the composing-room.

Then something queer happened. From the Long Branch man came an entirely different story—different times, different everything. His boats hadn't turned the outer mark.

Queries to both men brought positive and indignant assertions that each was right.

"I can see their racing numbers," wired the police headquarters man emphatically. "One is twenty-seven and the other is nineteen."

"Kill his copy! Kill it!" screamed the marine editor, standing by a greatly wrought-up desk. "He's got a couple of pilot boats." He had.

The Associated Press in days gone by used a rubber ball and a professional life-saver to expedite the handling of yachting copy. The account of the start was sent by tug to Sandy Hook, while another tug, bearing reporters, followed the yachts to the first mark. Then came the problem of getting the story of the race up to that point ashore. The tug could not touch the beach without grounding. The solution lay in the rubber ball—or copy ball, as it was called—and the life-saver.

In a metal pocket in the ball the copy was crammed and the ball was thrown overboard. The life-saver had in the meantime rowed out in a surf-boat. It was a simple matter for him either to draw the ball toward him with an oar or to swim for it, as he often did. Then he rushed it ashore, whence the story was sent to New York by telegraph.

The shore reporter, his eyes glued to his glasses, usually prefers to dictate his running story direct to the telegraph operator, omitting the medium of pencil and paper. Six or seven men may be found thus engaged, all perched precariously on some little tower or pinnacle, gazing intently to sea, talking the meanwhile out of the sides of their mouths to a battery of crouching operators. It is a queer concert.

In 1903, during the Reliance-Shamrock III contests, the story is told that an inexperienced man heard a veteran near by dic-

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tating a remarkable statement that a wave had just swept three of the crew off Reliance's slanting deck. The reporter who overheard this had seen nothing of the kind through his glasses, but he wasn't going to be beaten. In low, tense tones he cribbed what the other chap had said. An instant later he regretted it. The veteran was laughing raucously.

The young reporter flushed, realizing that he had been sold. Then he dictated quickly, "(add yachts) washed overboard from the deck of Reliance, *but another wave soon swept them aboard again.*"

The men on the desk handling the story grinned and understood.

Now for the movies. No whit less acute than the contest for news of the race was the struggle among the moving-picture companies to be first ashore with the pictures. When Reliance outsailed Shamrock III in 1903, the moving-picture art, especially as concerns current events, was in its infancy. In those days the screen was given over almost exclusively to the dramatic end of the industry, and the productions were few and of inferior quality. A single reel of one thousand feet, insignificant beside the great six and eight reel dramatic features screened to-day, was then regarded as a marvel. The possibilities of showing the news of the world on the screen had found no place in the thoughts of the film-makers.

But to-day, almost before the salt wash is dry on the decks of the yachts, the races will be run over again on the screens of Broadway. Within twenty-four hours tens of thousands of moving-picture fans in every large Eastern city and as far inland as Chicago will have viewed the contest from their chairs. As fast as railway trains can carry the films, pictorial news of the races will be spread throughout the country.

Competition among the moving-picture dailies and weeklies, so called, always strong, was whetted this year by the magnitude of the event; and elaborate plans to insure priority of exhibition were hatched almost as soon as the first Cup contender was launched. These plans covered the range of moving-picture possibilities from the stationing of operators with telephoto lenses at shore vantage-points to sending men aloft in aeroplanes, dirigibles, and captive balloons. Naturally the first thought of every producer was to charter a seagoing tug to follow the yachts around the course, or precede them, if possible. Naturally, too, each producer, taking it for granted that his competitors would adopt this obvious means of covering the race, ransacked his imagination for novel auxiliary methods to get his operators first ashore.

Aside from the incidental delay involved in the tugs reaching shore after the races, when progress through waters burdened with traffic would of necessity be slow and tedious, other obstacles confronted this plan of operation. The use of large, stanch vessels is imperative. The pitching of a small boat, or even one of considerable dimensions, the slightest variation in her course, or the vibration of her engines, militated against the probability of obtaining pictures that would not rock and roll on the screen to such an extent as to make them unusable. Bear in mind that the pictures must be taken with a six-inch lens, or larger; that the distant yachts must be photographed on a bit of film less than an inch wide, and that every movement of the object photographed will be magnified from 150 to 300 times on the screen. A movement of the camera boat one-half of an inch out of true would be sufficient to throw the target of the lens entirely off the screen.

Nevertheless, the producers—all of them—decided to rely chiefly on this method of covering the races, there being no other solution apparent, and to complement this service with such other devices as appealed to them. Accordingly the water-front of New York was combed for suitable craft. Only the biggest and most stable boats were sought, and for these the owners demanded fancy hire. One of the biggest was held at $5,000 for the series.

Some of the plans for the auxiliary service were extremely ingenious. One big producer besought the Government, months in advance, for permission to place operators aboard the revenue cutters on the Eastern seaboard for the ostensible purpose of obtaining pictures to illustrate the admirable activities of the service. Treasury Department officials, welcoming friendly publicity of this sort, granted the desired permission. Nothing was said at the time about covering the yacht races; but the producer, secure in the belief that this permission would enable him to photograph the races from the decks of revenue cutters patrolling the course, bided his time and said nothing. Later the Treasury officials discovered the joker and revoked the producer's authority so far as the Cup races were concerned.

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PIUS X, THE POPE OF THE PEOPLE

BY THE REV. JOSEPH H. McMAHON, PH.D.

*In order that our readers might have a clear view of the most interesting personality of the late Pope, we asked Dr. McMahon, the pastor of the Church of Our Lady of Lourdes in New York City, to give them in the following article his impressions and observations of Pius X.—*THE EDITORS.

FOR uncounted millions of his children who never saw him, who never heard his voice, the death of Pius X comes nevertheless with a sense of personal loss. The reason is found in the character of his pontificate. Leo's was the reign of a great statesman, Pius X's that of a father. Leo's weighty utterances are gathered under the English title, the Pope and the People; the most widely known and most important of Pius X have caused him to be known and loved as the Pope of the People. He was essentially a Pastor, and a Pastor sprung from the Peasant. He had a natural horror of diplomacy and of all compromise. His statesmanship was that of the saints. Direct, forceful, uncompromising, seeing only the good of souls, the common people could grasp it. They understood the meekness that bent not before the storm that swept away milliards of treasure and left the Church in France penniless. They saw in the white-robed Pontiff of the Vatican the divine calmness and righteous indignation of Him who drove the money-changers from the house of his Father. The people understood and grasped his theology, that broke the shackling conditions and customs of centuries and unfettered the Spirit of God. His appearance, his history, manifested the man behind the Pope.

Short of stature, somewhat portly in appearance, his face was the rugged face of the Venetian peasant. The square, set jaw bespoke strength; the firm, large mouth betrayed the inflexible will. In repose the face was massive but ordinary, the features coarse. But all this was forgotten in the wonderful depth and beauty of the eyes. Sunken but luminous, they riveted the gaze of all who looked upon him. The steady fire of a consuming pain burned in them. When Pius spoke, especially when addressing the crowds to whom he was wont to speak in the corridors and courts of the Vatican, one could see that this was the yearning of baffled, outraged Love.

The coarse features were suffused with the glow of rapture, the whole countenance lightened. Even the hardened tourist, perfunctorily "doing the sights," felt the thrill of a seer's presence, felt the awe of the overshadowing power of God.

The election of Guiseppe Sarto to the supreme pontificate in 1903 naturally caused an irruption of visitors into the quiet village of Riese, the place of his birth, where he had grown up. They found a two-storied house of the humblest description; were shown the two-windowed room in which he was born, and saw hanging on the walls the cheap engravings of the Holy Family and St. Francis that had been hung there by his parents on their marriage day. The old parish church, newly stuccoed since it had leaped into fame, because at its baptismal font he was admitted to the Church whose Head he had become, was otherwise uninteresting. About twenty members of the immediate family of Cardinal Sarto lived in Riese in 1903. His brother-in-law kept a *trattoria*. When impertinent visitors dilated on the great prospects in store for the Sarto family, they met with the calm, dignified assertion, "We are working people; such we will remain." So they have remained. The Pope did use his influence, it is said, to get a very modest increase in salary for his aged brother who is in the Italian postal service. It is said, too, that a codicil to the will of Pius X asks that some provision be made for his sisters if they survive him. But otherwise the Sarto family have in no wise benefited in worldly prosperity through the accession of Pius X. Shades of the Medici and Farnese, how the world has changed!

The sturdy urchin who tramped barefooted daily the five leagues to Castelfranco never forgot or allowed others to forget that he was of humble origin.

The crushing rebuke he administered to the delegation from Lucca, who came to inform the Pope that the Archbishop of Lucca had always been a nobleman, when he

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dryly remarked that then even the Head of the universal Church would not be deemed fit to preside over the church at Lucca, will long be remembered.

Few, if any, beyond the confines of Venice had heard much of Cardinal Sarto at the time of his election. But at Salzano they told to the world how, during the nine years of his ministry among them, he had been a living copy of St. Vincent de Paul.

In the famine of 1871 he had sold his horse and carriage to buy bread for his starving people, and had pawned his household furniture to get money to carry on the town hospital. They apply to him the Venetian proverb, "He came to us poor, and went away having given away his last stitch."

At Venice, as Patriarch, he was known to the poor as "our sior Beppo." Clothed as a simple priest, he was better known in the hovels of the poor than in the palaces of the rich. The story is told yet in Venice how stealthily he took the pot of soup his sister was preparing for his dinner and brought it to a sick woman whose husband could not afford to get for her the broth prescribed by the doctor. No wonder, then, that all the poor of Venice rushed to the quays when the news spread that the Patriarch was about to take the train for Rome, and rumor predicted that he would not return. "Sior Beppo, do not leave us," cried the women. At the station the dense crowd impeded his passage. He finally had to get up on a bench and speak, assuring them that he would come back to them. He never did, but he never forgot them or his beloved Venice.

The night he spent on the summit of La Grappa reveals the man. He made the ascent in order to bless one of the commemorative chapels with which the great Italian peaks have been adorned since 1900. A carabineer gave up his hut to the Patriarch, who could not sleep, however, on account of the noisy celebration of his faithful peasants. After the service in the morning he spent the day going from group to group, inquiring about those he knew so well.

Such was the man who entered the Vatican in July, 1903, never to leave it. He was always homesick for Venice. In his workroom hung a magnificent chandelier of Venetian glass, the gift of his flock. His life was simplicity itself. Rising at 5 o'clock in summer, 5:30 in winter, he went to the adjoining chapel to prepare for Mass. After celebrating, he heard on his knees a Mass of thanksgiving, after which he took his coffee. When able, he then walked in the Vatican gardens for an hour. Then back to his apartments to begin the exhausting work of the day. Correspondence, audiences of all kinds, occupied him until one o'clock, when he dined very simply. Rest and prayer followed until four, after which he gave audience to pilgrims in the loggia for half an hour or so. Then back to work steadily until nine, at which hour he supped on a plate of soup and a glass of wine. He retired at 11 P.M.

He was most considerate of those around him. He could scarcely be brought to ring for his secretary. Whenever he needed the latter he preferred to get up and go to his room, where usually he would enter unannounced, chatting pleasantly with any visitor who chanced to be there.

Possibly the distinctive characteristic that impressed itself on his hearers was his courage. A famous Academician said of him in 1904: "He possesses a mild, calm courage in which there is absolutely no audacity. He will never cry out, *Non possumus!* If ever he ought to say it, he will do it in a gentle voice; but when he shall have said it he will never go back on it. If difficult situations should arise, look for great things. Pius X will be at need a hero and a saint."

As far as he could he dispensed with the rigorous etiquette of the Papal Court. For instance, etiquette required prelates under the rank of Cardinal to stand in his presence in the General Congregations, whose sessions are always very lengthy. At the beginning of one of the first of these séances at which he presided he said to the Cardinals: "I hope that your Eminences will not take it amiss if our prelates and consultors use the seats I have had prepared for them. It is not necessary to tire them needlessly."

Etiquette does not permit the Pope to carry or consult a watch. When Leo XIII wished to know the time, he addressed himself in a most formal and stately fashion to one of the prelates in attendance. Pius X, under similar circumstances, drew out of his pocket a cheap nickel watch that had been given him by his mother. So highly did he prize this that when a Bishop offered a superb timepiece in exchange for it, Pius refused, saying, "This little nickel watch ticked off the minutes of my mother's death agony. What jewel could be more precious to me?"

While wandering through a corridor in the

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Vatican one day, Pius X met a little printer's devil sent on a message from the famous Vatican press. He stopped the child, blessed him, and asked him about himself and his family. Dismissing him, he told him to come back next day, when they would talk further about the lad's parents.

The boy told his companions and the story reached the ears of the foreman, who became furious at the thought of this cub taking up the time of the Pope. He forbade the boy to leave the shop. The Pope was astonished at the failure of the lad to keep the appointment, made inquiries, and learned that he was sick. Suspecting the character of the sickness, Pius told his secretary to see that, sick or well, that boy was brought to him. The foreman had drilled the boy to say that he had been sick, but under the questioning of the Pope he had to tell the truth, which he did amidst an abundance of tears. When he had told his story the Pope soothed him and slipped a fifty-lira note into his hand, as that was what he wanted to give the lad's parents. The foreman received a reprimand.

Pius X especially loved to be with children. In the afternoons the corridors of the Vatican were usually crowded with children who had made their first communion in the morning in the parish churches of Rome, and as long as his strength permitted the Pope would go among them, finding the greatest happiness and comfort in the sight of these little ones to whom he had opened at so early an age the great sacrament of love.

Stories are told of the wonderful prophetic gift and power of healing possessed by Pius X. One, well authenticated, is to the effect that a young girl, wishing to enter a certain religious community, found herself attacked by a serious illness. After suffering for some time and dreading dismissal she bethought herself of writing to the Holy Father directly. Impressed by her letter, the Pope sent word to her that she need not worry, that she would get well. But again when her novitiate was ending and she was about to pronounce her vows, she fell ill, worse than before. The superiors were all kindness, but there seemed only one thing to do, namely, to tell her that evidently it was not her vocation.

Discouraged, she managed nevertheless to reach Rome, and, gaining access to Pius X, told her story. Blessing her, he said she would be cured entirely and would be able to enter religion. She was cured, and is now in religion, and is never tired of praising Pius X.

The guards on watch in St. Peter's were startled one night to see a white figure, bearing a candle, enter from the private Vatican entrance and proceed to the Confession. As they watched with bated breath they saw it was Pius X. Placing on the altar a document he had carried in his hand, he knelt absorbed in prayer for a long time. Then, finally, taking up the document, he slowly retraced his steps. The next day the world was startled by the *non possumus* that ruptured the bonds between the Vatican and France.

The world will be the poorer for his death.

COMMERCE AND FINANCE

A WEEKLY ARTICLE BY THEODORE H. PRICE

THE COMMERCIAL BY-PRODUCTS OF THE WAR

THE commercial by-products of the war is a phrase that describes many of its consequences which touch the material interests of the people of the United States. These by-products are numerous. Some of them are essentially sentimental; but sentiment has a very distinct effect on values these days. Others are political; but politics and business have now become reciprocally responsive. Take, for instance, the advance in sugar. The embargo which the war has put upon the production and importation of foreign sugar has resulted in nearly doubling the price of sugar in America, and will probably prevent Louisiana's threatened secession from the Democracy of the "Solid South" provoked by the Wilsonian removal of the duty on sugar. Incidentally, the American Sugar Refining Company has profited hugely by the advance in sugar, and the "disintegrated integers" of the Dupont Powder Trust, known as the Atlas Powder Company and the Hercules Powder Company, are worth much more than they were previously be-

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cause of the increased demand for explosives. The increase of the American merchant marine by purchase appears to be impending, and the repeal of the Panama toll exemption in favor of American vessels would probably be impossible to-day were it now unaccomplished.

The advance in the cost of news paper, and the rumored financial embarrassment of some important dailies that have been compelled to increase their circulation while facing a decrease in their advertising on account of the demoralization in business, is one result of the war that is humorously sad. It will not, however, be entirely regrettable if it shall have the effect of automatically reducing the output of "fake extras" and the stimulus to newsboy untruthfulness that they furnish.

Ferro-manganese ore, which is indispensable in the manufacture of steel, and which was hitherto brought from abroad, has risen from $30 to about $100 a ton, in consequence of which the development of the unpromising American deposits will probably now be attempted.

It is in the market for cotton goods that the greatest eccentricity in price movement is to be noticed. The supply of burlap bagging, which is not produced in America, has been entirely exhausted, and every variety of cotton cloth that could possibly be used for bags has rapidly advanced.

The same statement applies to goods with dyed effects that can be produced only with German dyes, now unobtainable. On the other hand, drills, sheetings, and gray goods hitherto exported have declined because most of the foreign orders have been canceled or cannot be filled under present conditions of transportation and exchange.

In the grain market the greatest possible confusion exists. Most contracts for the exportation of grain contain a clause which permits of their cancellation in event of war in the country of destination, but the apparent profit in the shipment of grain is now so large, and European eagerness to get food is so great, that both parties to these contracts are reluctant to cancel. The action of the British Government in agreeing to insure the war risk on English vessels, and the efforts which our Secretary of the Treasury is making to get Congress to do the same thing for cargoes under the American flag, will probably make it possible to ship a large quantity of the wheat contracted for, now that the British Admiralty has announced that the North Atlantic is clear of hostile ships.

Probably the most vexatious problem that the merchants and financiers of the United States have to contend with is that of the cotton crop. Our exports of cotton have hitherto furnished the entire balance of trade in our favor, amounting to about $600,000,000 annually.

Of this one-half went to Continental Europe and the other half to England.

The demand from the Continent is of course non-existent. England will probably buy in reduced quantity, though recent reports from England are almost sensationally unbelievable in regard to the paralysis in Lancashire. It therefore seems probable that, even if tonnage and insurance are to be had for such cotton as we can sell abroad, there will be a large portion of the crop that will have to be carried over unsold either by those who produced it or by others who have the money to invest in it.

If sold by the producers, buyers can be found only at a price that will impoverish sellers and greatly reduce our debt-paying power, while the problem of storing and insuring goods while held for the return of peace is one that presents immense difficulties. Various proposals have been made that involve the interposition of the Nation's credit either directly or through the Federal Reserve Banks, but it remains to be seen whether any of them are politically practicable.

The fact that the cotton crop is nearly all produced upon borrowed money, and that the average farmer is defenseless if his creditors demand that he shall sell his crop when it is harvested, has led many to conclude that the cotton States will find it necessary to resort to a legal moratorium in order to protect the cotton-growers against a needless sacrifice of their chief agricultural asset.

Meantime, the reopening of the Stock and Cotton Exchanges is indefinitely deferred.

The American securities owned in Europe, variously estimated to represent a value of between three and five billion dollars, are about the only salable asset that the foreigners have left. The Bank of England has made the Canadian Government at Ottawa a depository for gold due it, and in America it is assumed that payment in gold to be shipped to Canada is to be demanded for such debts as may be due by us on international account. It follows, of course, that we would receive credit at Ottawa for all

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payments due us for merchandise exported; but as, for the present at least, such exports would be small, it is feared that the debits might largely exceed the credits and make necessary such huge shipments of gold to Canada that a suspension of specie payment in the United States would result.

There is also not a little resentment at the fact that England has decided to locate what is practically a clearing-house for trade with the United States in Canada instead of in New York, and demand settlement in gold there while she has declared a moratorium and suspended the Bank Act at home, and is able to keep the discount market open only by her unprecedented action in providing a governmental guarantee of all bills accepted at the Bank of England.

Americans feel that there is thus indicated a lack of confidence in our good faith and solvency, and many think that since the world is so plainly engaged in a struggle for gold it would be best for us to keep what we have even though it may be necessary to declare a moratorium in every State of the Union to enable us to do so. This inclination is somewhat increased by the knowledge that large orders to sell American securities for whatever they would bring were in hand for execution if the Stock Exchange had been open July 31, and will probably be renewed the moment there is any chance to collect the proceeds of such sales in gold. Self-interest suggests that we shall protect ourselves against permitting others so to depreciate the value of properties that are the basis of so much American credit, and the humanitarians urge that even though a madman may have money to his credit, the banker who lets him have that money for the destruction of life and civilization is guilty of a crime against society. The one sure way to make it impossible for Europe to get gold from America is a moratorium.

Most of our gold supply is now in the Treasury and the banks. It will stay there if they are legally empowered to keep it; but once shipments to Canada in quantity commence it will certainly disappear, and the rapidly increasing quantity of emergency currency and silver certificates in circulation will be at a discount.

If we want to prevent a complete collapse in the prices of American stocks and bonds, we must, for the present, decline to pay for them except in credits with American banks that will be gradually absorbed by the payments due us for the merchandise which Europe will certainly have to buy.

Food and gold are the two essentials of the armies which are now fighting for the destruction of a civilization of which the United States is the only influential protector remaining out of the zone of conflict; by providing either we give aid and comfort to the enemy; by refusing them we shall probably do more than we can in any other way to hasten a termination of the carnage and a return to the paths of peace.

England has joined the fray under duress and from a sense of duty; but the obligations of our neutrality make it impracticable for us to give to her what we deny to others, and our plain duty is to make it impossible for any one to fight by declining to supply any of them with the essentials of warfare, the chiefest of which are food and gold.

The comparative littleness of the things over which the business world was excited before this great calamity came upon us is shown by the inattention with which the news of the Inter-State Commerce rate decision and the dissolution of the International Harvester Company has been received. In England the evaporation of the Ulster question and the truce which the militant suffragettes declared have been similarly disregarded.

Although the screen of military censorship and an ocean three thousand miles wide patrolled by war-ships in wireless touch with each other separate us from the scene of hostilities, we feel as we never felt before the brotherhood of man; and while there is an occasional and desultory attempt to appraise the costs and the advantages that will accrue to America, the prevailing feeling is one of deep concern for the needless suffering and distress of others and a yearning to hold to them

> "The cup of strength in some great agony,
> Enkindle generous ardor, feed pure love,
> Beget the smiles that have no cruelty,
> Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
> And in diffusion ever more intense."

Undoubtedly one of the by-products of the war will be a place of increased commercial and financial importance for the United States; but its most important consequence for the people of this country will be in the demonstration it affords of the value of democratic institutions and the intensified sympathy it will arouse for peoples less happily governed.

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BY THE WAY

Does war news occupy the first place with the boys? On leaning forward in the elevator to hear the latest tidings from the front when two lively boys come in, one hears this: "What's the score?" "The Giants ahead—two to one in the second inning." The American boy's heart, then, still beats true to its idol!

People are incredibly careless in regard to crossing railway tracks. A statistical study of accidents states that out of 32,079 cases only 298 persons in vehicles or on foot fully obeyed the "Stop, Look, and Listen" sign or waited for the watchman's signal before crossing the tracks; 8,776 persons looked in one direction but not the other; 4,680 looked both ways, but neither listened nor stopped. The "Safety First" campaign is surely a timely one in the face of such conditions.

The section of New York City known as "Chelsea," between Fourteenth and Forty-second Streets and west of Fifth Avenue, has started a "cent-a-glass" milk station, to be supported by the people of the district and not by a single philanthropist. This enterprise is an outgrowth of neighborhood work; Chelsea carpenters built the booth, the milk and ice are supplied by Chelsea concerns, and Chelsea residents serve the milk. Chelsea recognizes the public advantage of such a station and has set an example worth imitating by other communities.

The great war in Europe has sidetracked such little squabbles as those of Ireland. But a story about an Ulster volunteer is timely as showing the temperament of some Irishmen. The volunteer was asked, "So you are going to fight?" "Yes." "Who? The Nationalists?" "No." "The police?" "No." "The English soldiers?" "No." "Then who are you going to fight?" "The Lord will provide!"

A mendicant who was recently sentenced to five days in the workhouse in New York City for street begging was, it was discovered, the owner of the large and well-furnished apartment-house in which he lived. It was apparently the pure joy of faking that led him to choose a life of mendicancy.

Forty-five stage-coaches, filled with tourists, held up and robbed by bandits! This was not in Turkey, Mexico, or Tartary, but in our own Yellowstone Park. As this park is policed by the Government, it would seem that an escort of soldiers should hereafter accompany all excursionists, and prevent a repetition of an episode so disgraceful to a civilized country.

Kingston, Jamaica, learned its lesson from the disastrous earthquake of 1907. When a few days ago another earthquake of great violence occurred, no serious damage resulted, because after the destruction of 1907 the building laws were changed to require more substantial structures, and the principal streets were widened.

In the recent motor-boat contest at Peoria, Illinois, the Speed Demon made a mile in 1 minute 6 seconds, or at the rate of more than 54½ miles an hour, thus establishing a record. Few railway trains equal this speed.

The Empress Catherine of Russia, a magazine article says, once helped a Frenchman in a spirit of queenly liberality. Diderot, the Encyclopédist, in order to provide a dowry for his daughter, decided to sell his precious library. Catherine bought in the library at its owner's valuation, made him the librarian of her new purchase, and paid Diderot his salary as librarian of his own books for fifty years in advance!

The largest electric sign in London advertises an evening newspaper. It indicates the exact time, changing every minute. Nine hundred lamps are used in the sign.

President Whitridge, of the Third Avenue Railway Company of New York City, complains that nowadays the heavy traffic on the street-car tracks increases the obligations of the companies in respect to paving. Teamsters are very fond of using the tracks for their vehicles, and in some steep streets in the city, Mr. Whitridge asserts, overloaded coal carts are frequently pushed to the top of the hills by the Third Avenue cars.

On the Minnesota farms, says a careful statistician, speaking of the fecundity of different races in America, only one Polish-American wife out of fifty-eight is childless; while as to other races, one Irish-American wife out of thirteen and one English-American wife out of twelve have no children.

A contributor to "Everybody's Magazine" tells how an irate woman cured her husband of the drink habit after he had spent money on "booze" that she had meant to use for getting clothes for the children: "I jest let him get to bed, and after he's been sleeping long enough to be pretty near sober, I goes and sews him up in the bedclothes, takes the broomstick and pounds the devil out of 'im, and I've never had a day's worry since." After reading stories of wife-beatings, there is a certain satisfaction in coming across this tale of a woman who turned the tables to good purpose and exorcised her husband's "devil."

The power lifeboat Lundin, which started to cross the Atlantic with a crew of five, has given up the trip, fearing to be mistaken for a submarine.

The ordinary bell-shaped hat for protecting horses from the sun, says "Rider and Driver," does more harm than good. A canopy-top hat, however, is helpful.

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